RESPECTABILITY

FRA ELBERTUS

RESPECTABILITY

ITS RISE AND REMEDY

BY

FRA ELBERTUS

AUTHOR OF

CHICAGO TONGUE AND

GET OUT OR GET IN LINE

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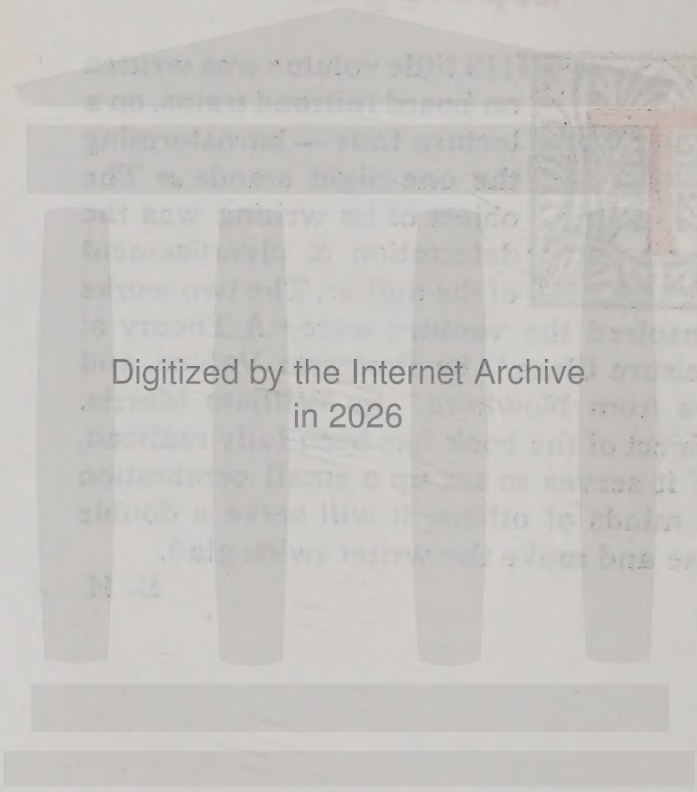
Apologia

THIS little volume was written on board railroad trains, on a lecture tour — barnstorming the one-night stands ✍ The object of its writing was the delectation & divertisement of the author. The two works that inspired the venture were "A Theory of the Leisure Class," by Professor Veblen, and "News from Nowhere," by William Morris. The object of the book has been fully realized, and if it serves to set up a small cerebration in the minds of others, it will serve a double purpose and make the writer twice glad.

E. H.



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Pronunciamento

HOLD these truths to be self-evident:

That man was made to be happy;

That happiness is only attainable through useful effort;

That the best way to help ourselves is to help others, and often the best way to help others is to help ourselves;

That useful effort means the proper exercise of all our faculties;

That we grow only through this exercise;

That education should continue through life, and the joys of mental endeavor should be, especially, the solace of the old;

That where men alternate work, study and play in right proportion, the organs of the mind

are the last to fail, and death for such has no terrors;

That the possession of wealth can never make a man exempt from useful, manual labor;

That if all would work a little, none would ever be overworked;

That if no one wasted, all would have enough;

That if none were overfed, none would be underfed;

That the rich and "educated" need education quite as much as the poor and illiterate;

That the presence of a serving class is an indictment and a disgrace to our civilization;

That the disadvantage of having a serving class falls most upon those who are served, and not upon those who serve—just as the real curse of slavery fell upon the slave-owner;

That the presence of a serving class tends

toward dissolution instead of toward co-operation;

That people who are waited on by a serving class cannot have a just consideration for the rights of others, and that they waste both time and substance, both of which are lost forever, and can only partially be made good by additional human effort;

That the person who lives on the labor of others, not giving himself in return to the best of his ability, is really a consumer of human life, and therefore no better than a cannibal;

That each one living, naturally will do the thing he can do best, but that in useful service there is no high nor low;

That all duties, offices and things which are useful and necessary are sacred, and that nothing else is or can be.

E. H.

Respectability:

OCIETY is in process of evolution. We are still barbarians —children if you please, and man is yet primitive. All that has gone before is a preparation for better things to come, but we are moving rapidly, and I believe, securely toward nobler things. ❧ Among the savage tribes the chief place of honor is given to those who can kill most ❧ ❧ The business of savages is: First, to get enough to eat; second, to protect themselves from foes, either men or wild beasts. The man who can kill most is king by divine right. So the mighty hunter becomes chief, or the great warrior is king. Those who dispute the title are apt to die suddenly.

Low down in the scale, they eat the enemies they kill—either human or beast-brute. Later, they eat the beast-brute alone, and take the human enemies captive for slaves ❧ Genuine savages, however, never seek to capture males —they kill these and save the women.

The very first form of property was the ownership of women. The Romans captured the Sabine women, because that was the regulation thing to do. Our pity need not be wasted upon the women—they simply exchanged owners—they were slaves in either case.

Males were not at first made slaves, because it was inconvenient—there was danger of uprisings; it caused discontent among the slave women, and for a man there was no market while a woman was in demand. She was valuable: first, as a wife, and second, as a worker. There are animals where the lordly male holds a dozen or more females captive, but it was man who first set his females at work. Darwin says there is no doubt that marriage was at first a matter of coercion and purely a property right. Certain ceremonies even now go with the transfer of real estate and most other property, and the marriage ceremonial was, in the beginning, a public notification of ownership and a warning to all parties to keep hands off. The husband had the power of life or death over the wife and her children. She, being a slave, performed all the menial tasks—she was the worker. And the product of

her labor belonged to her lord ❧ Thus we get the genesis of property:

First, the man owned the woman.

Second, he owned all that she produced ❧ The man produced nothing—he was the protector. To be sure, he killed animals, but he did not deign to skin them nor prepare the flesh for food—woman did all this ❧ For him to work would have been undignified and disgraceful—only slaves worked. And so to prove his prowess, his true greatness, he never did a thing but kill and consume.

He was looked up to and reverenced—that is to say, he was respectable. And he took good care never to put his respectability in jeopardy by doing a menial thing. If high enough in the scale, he had an armor-bearer who carried his implements of death. The Polynesian chiefs do not even lift the food to their mouths, and the women dress and undress them ❧ This, of course, is the extreme type, but I mention it to show the tendency. The outcrop is occasionally seen yet in the nobleman who has a valet. And we all know of men who never do a useful thing for fear of losing caste. The survival may even be seen in England, where no gentleman

will "clean" his own shoes—this work is done by women ✍ On the Continent, the care of public lavatories is all given to women. The woman is the scullion, the menial, the vehicle of what is dirty, uncouth, inconvenient or disgraceful ✍ ✍

The property right in marriage still exists, and the Common Law of America, which is founded on the Common Law of England, which is founded on the Common Law of Rome, provides that the property produced by the industry of the wife belongs, by legal right, to the husband. She may make blankets, beadwork, baskets, and her husband can take these things and do what he chooses with them ✍ Up to the year 1863, the custom of men selling their own children was common and well recognized in various states in America. And the children yet belong more to the man than to the woman.

In England, the law still gives the husband the right to "reprove" a refractory wife, the same right that he has over his children. Yesterday, he could kill her; and the right to "reprove" with a stick is yet conceded in London police courts, but provision is made limiting the

thickness and length of the stick ❧ We have seen that at first women alone were enslaved, but later more workers were needed and then men were made slaves also. Very often these were given charge of women slaves. And so the supervision of slaves by slaves, or the ownership of slaves by slaves has to a certain degree still survived ❧ These things are not noted by way of criticism or reproach—simply to make clear the proposition that personal property began with the ownership of woman, and with that which she produced.

Respectability: Its Rise and Remedy

HEN man first emerges from savagery, he evolves two classes to which are paid special honors and emoluments ❧ These offices are those of the Soldier and the Priest ❧ ❧

At first the priestly offices are performed by the warrior himself, and consist of incantations, cajolings of the Great Spirit pacifications, and prayers for victory.

Later, the warrior begins to set apart certain people to do certain things, and he delegates this office of dealing with the Unseen to another ❧ The priestly office always subsists on sufferance of the soldier, although, in times of peace, it seemingly takes precedence of it, and this fiction the soldier helps carry out. Doubtless, in a degree, the soldier actually does become the creature of what he creates, just as men become enslaved by their business ❧ ❧ But in emergency, when the stress comes, depend upon it, the weight of priestly temporal power is quickly dissipated, and soldiers bivouac in the temple of the Most High ❧ The danger being past, the soldier comes back

to the priest for absolution, assurance and consolation. Kings are always crowned by priests —it is the priest who applies the vaseline of authority. The priest is the mysterious agent of Deity. The priest is made by the soldier, the soldier bends his knee only to the priest, and both devoutly believe in their Divine Right. In olden times the priests usually explained to the people that the king was really not a man —he was a half-god. His motherhood could be proved, so they did not trifle there with the fact, but his father was a god—this pedigree could not be disproved. The priest said it, the soldier-king, himself, thought it must be so, and he even cut off the heads of all who questioned it. Therefore, the people grew to believe it as a matter of convenience, for we believe the thing that is profitable to believe. Emboldened with their success, the priests even declared that the Chief-Priest or their own ruler was a half-god.

I have said that the priest was at first a servant, just as in Germany, in the time of Mozart, the musicians and artists ranked with cooks and scullions. The priestly office was a trifle higher, but even yet the priest is more or less of a slave. In England, he dresses like a butler

and looks like one. Both wear a look of woeful desolation and a penalty is attached for spontaneous or natural behavior. I know a butler who had his pay cut in two because he ventured a word of suggestion in a conversation between the hostess and a guest ❧ The guest nearly fell off his chair in amazement to think a butler had opinions upon any subject, and the hostess flew into a rage. Later, the recalcitrant one smiled at a witticism of one of the guests, and he was summarily dismissed from service, and his name was placed on the Black List. You can kick a good butler from behind and not a shade of emotion will pass over his face. ❧ It is much the same with the priest—he is supposed to reveal pious passivity and nothing else. He is paid to do certain things—officiate at burials, weddings, christenings, and to pray and preach. Any relaxation of dignity is quickly resented. When he enters, laughter ceases and children crawl under the bed. So true is this that, when an exception is noted, people call your attention to it by saying, "Our pastor plays cards and is a jolly good fellow." The exception proves the rule—the priest in his livery rebukes levity and spreads a pretense of

solemn piety ❧ Let him mix in politics or business and he is soon called back to his proper position by a reduction in both pay and honors. ❧ The offices of soldier and priest absorb all honors and all emoluments at first—they divide every good thing between them. And the chief characteristic of each is that neither does any work of a useful kind ❧ They are non-producers—and conspicuously so. They advertise themselves and the dignity of their office in two ways—by a Conspicuous Leisure and by a Conspicuous Consumption.

Their entire abstention from industrial production reveals this Conspicuous Leisure, and the ownership of a vast number of things they do not need reveals Conspicuous Consumption. ❧ Thus great soldiers and great priests have always lived in conspicuous palaces, and worn peculiar and costly raiment and trappings ❧ Silks, robes, jewels, golden crowns, bracelets, rings, breast-plates, mitres and red hats, are all a part of this Conspicuous Consumption or Conspicuous Waste ❧ And as if these things were not enough, and for fear some one would overlook this Waste, the great soldier or great priest always had banners and flags carried

ahead of his presence, and also there were trumpeters and players upon tom-toms who beat their drums and blew their horns and rode ahead upon gaily caparisoned horses that cavorted to the sounding of the music. Then came the great man himself, upon a horse or a throne, in a carriage or carried in a palanquin. ❧ These things all remain with us, more or less. A one-horse carriage might carry our president, but this would mean social damnation and the laughter of the groundlings—four horses for the governor's carriage and six for the president's—this is the rule ❧ To be sure, we are a little rusty in these things, so the horses occasionally run away when the band plays, or the trolley car runs into the president's carriage, and with an irony known only to inanimate things, kills the guard, but pageantry survives and will survive.

You drive it out of the door and it
performs a lightning change
and straightway comes
back in a new guise.

AT first, the office of the Head of the House was limited to killing game, protecting the women by whom all work was done, and maintaining a Conspicuous Waste.

The Waste advertises to all beholders the extent of the Chief's ownership. All these gauds, banners and trappings are made by slaves, which a little later consist of both men and women, and the number of these slaves reveals the owner's prowess.

With the savage, that man is mightiest who makes the most display and the most noise. ❧ We have seen how the soldier transfers the priestly office to another. The expedient is a wise one. It keeps in subjection the people who toil. They are awed by those who have power both in this world and in another ❧ This assumption on the part of the priestly class that they can control the destiny of man in another world, is a most useful expedient—it furthers the personal plans of the warrior. If a man believes in the absolute ability of the soldier here and the power of the priest there, why, he is controlled body and soul. The only thing then

is so to treat him that he will not doubt nor become reckless and rebel—he must be cajoled to a certain degree, otherwise he will cease to work; for should a large number cease to produce, from whence then would come the gauds and trappings for Conspicuous Waste among the Respectable Class? But alas! this is a far-off contingency, for thus far rebellion and disbelief have only been transient and topical. The offices of a priest at first combined in themselves those of counselor, physician, teacher and clerk. Especially was he the accountant, and so we have the word "cleric," "clerque," or "clerk." He was educated and his sole qualification was that he should be able to read and write, which the soldier very seldom could do. So, at first, the only teachers were priests. For a time in England, men who could read were exempt from official punishment. This is what was meant by "benefit of the clergy." The criminal who interposed the claim that he could read, was examined by a priest. "Can he read?" asked the judge. "Like a clergyman," was the reply, and the man was set free. Often the judge could not read, and a sort of superstition attached to the ability—it was like killing

a priest, and priests were, until yesterday, exempt, the belief being that a priest, like a king, could do no wrong. This now is not generally believed to be true.

The reason that the office of teacher has not commanded the same honors as that of the lawyer and doctor, is because the teacher deals with the young and those without property. The teacher is an honest man, of necessity, and his opportunities for predatory exploitations are limited ✍ His influence on the community is really greater than that of lawyer or physician, but he does not make as much money, and consequently cannot indulge in Conspicuous Waste. So he is doomed forever to the standing of a semi-menial. There are plans to pension teachers, as though they were incompetents, but there are no plans to pension doctors and lawyers—it would be an insult. Lawyers and doctors prey upon the moral and physical maladies of society; and to a large extent they excite, stir up, foment and bring about the ills they pretend to alleviate ✍ The medical advertisements are not to let you know the disease is curable, but to make you think you have it. ✍ Lawyers, especially, often become wealthy

through wreckage, although some of the very richest men in America are doctors—I refer to the Pierces, Pinkhams, Kennedys, Beechams, Jayneses, Carters and Munyons.

These all indulge in much Conspicuous Waste and are respected accordingly. But who ever heard of a millionaire school teacher?

Attached to the profession of pedagogy is its blighting disgrace of poverty—in other words, its inability to indulge in Conspicuous Waste. School teaching, not being very respectable, is usually followed by young women only until they can get married, or by men until they can become lawyers or authors.

In passing, it is well to note the fact that it is only within the past generation that woman has really entered into the business of teaching. The result is that she has largely driven man out of the profession, because she is generally more efficient. The teacher is the child's other mother. In a pure state of nature, the child would need no other teacher than its mother, but the economic demands upon the poor and the social demands upon the rich, make a third party indispensable. In the average home, there is a woeful lack of love

—everybody is so busy! So the child is sent to school, and the other mother gives her mother-love, her patience and her tact to bring about a pleasurable animation—a condition the average parent cannot evolve, and without which mental and spiritual growth is impossible ✍ ✍ The school teacher is considered a sort of poor relation—a parasite—an anomaly—a kind of hornless cow among horned cattle ✍ She has enough to live on, but neither time nor money for Conspicuous Waste, so she is doomed to yammer forever without the pale. Her only hope lies in a free society, which does not make Conspicuous Waste the badge and sesame of Respectability.

To a great degree, the office of priest has gone back to its original position of servant. Protestanism has proven to us the uselessness of a priesthood; but the instinct to conserve the archaic finds refuge in a fiction, and we still have the priest as head of a Social Club, which we call a "Church." The man's honors, however, are gone and he is scarcely more respectable than a school teacher ✍ His curses and blessings are alike futile, and men everywhere now regard his office as rudimentary—a sort of

theological appenda vermiformis ❧ The Social Club he represents is a form of Conspicuous Waste, and this is why we keep him—in order that we may be regarded as Respectable ❧ ❧ At first, the only men educated were those intended for the priesthood—education for any other purpose was preposterous ❧ So we still cling to the priestly idea of education—the dead languages, for instance, and attempt to attach to education a sort of mystery and halo. All educated men are supposed to be exempt from useful labor. That the common people should be educated is a trifle strange to us even yet. A few years ago, in America, the only educated men in each community were the ministers, and in many Russian villages, to-day, the only man who can read and write is the priest. We can thus easily see, how, as a class, the priests have opposed education—they fear competition —it curtails their power.

But a gradually growing complexity of society compelled the priests to specialize ❧ The professions of lawyer, physician, accountant and teacher are all variants of the priestly office, and all, to a great degree, still conserve the archaic traditions. The distinguishing feature

of each is that it exempts its members from manual labor. All indulge to the extent of their ability in Conspicuous Waste, in order to advertise the fact that they do not work, that is to say, that they are not slaves. Doctors, lawyers, priests and preachers (a protestant preacher is an attenuated priest) dress in a way that advertises the fact, wherever they go, that they do not work with their hands. Their attire is of a kind that really forbids manual labor, and makes it impossible for them to do a useful thing. So we have the high collar, the spotless shirt bosom, the smoothly ironed chimney-pot hat, the patent leather shoes, and cuffs that tell to all that the wearer does not dig in the ditch. But a few years ago, men of the superior class proved their exemption from manual labor by wearing long ruffles that came over the hands, rendering them practically useless. They wore dainty slippers with polished silver buckles or bows, white silk stockings, much dainty and delicate finery, lingerie, which only ladies of high degree are supposed to secrete upon their persons. Corsets were first worn by men, and they forbade any useful bodily effort. To a great degree, through a more curious

substitution, these refinements have been delegated to women. Just as the priest derives his power from the warrior—and, in fact, is a vicarious soldier, and as the doctor and lawyer and teacher are vicarious priests, so have men delegated to women the task of Conspicuous Waste ❧ ❧

The man supplies the materials—she does the rest ❧ ❧

We now know a man's financial standing by the way his wife dresses. His wife is his walking rating in R. G. Dun & Co.'s register. The diamond is the highest form of concentrated wealth, and many men take great pride in supplying their wives with these ornaments for conspicuous display ❧ These things lend him an honor and eclat among other men. "Just look! There goes Jones' wife!"

This is a great gratification to Jones. He works and toils and slaves with his head and wit—not hands—that he may buy sealskin sacques, jewels, silks, laces, and princely carriages, and a palace with many servants—all for his wife and daughters. It is a Vicarious Waste but it serves the purpose—it advertises the prowess of Jones. His house is a palace—it is conspicuous

—it occupies a block, has verandas, porticos, and an observatory ❧ It surpasses all other houses in the vicinity. It is filled with curious furniture, statuary from Italy, paintings from France, bric-a-brac from Japan, books from England. These costly and curious things compete with each other for our attention ❧ They are thrust at us from tables, pedestals, walls, shelves, what-nots, mantels and niches—all asking for our applause and approbation, also our envy.

All tell of the power and potency of Jones ❧ The process of having his slaves make things was too slow—the age is rapid—Jones, by hook or by crook, secures the labor of many men and women and also children. He has mills in various places—he draws tribute from a thousand sources. His income is greater than ever Polynesian Chief imagined or Mogul guessed; but what boots it if the world knows it not? ❧ Jones cannot ride in a palanquin or in a carriage with riders, nor sit on a divan, fanned by slaves. His success in holding what he has demands eternal vigilance, and so to his wife and daughter he delegates the Conspicuous Waste, yet retains the honors for himself ❧❧

The woman is still man's servant, still his slave—he is using her for his own ends and purposes. Society demands that in order that Jones may be respectable, he must uphold the priestly class—the Church—and as he is too busy to attend to the matter of religion personally, he delegates it to his wife.

Then we have another curious thing: Jones is so immersed in business that he is neglecting his own mental estate—he realizes this, and his wife feels it. Should he become wholly illiterate he would lose caste and cease to be respectable, so he further delegates to the women of his household the task of reading books and getting an education. They have leisure—Jones supplies it—and so they join Reading Clubs, or go to College and do, by vicarious means, what Jones would do if he had the mind and the time. But it is all for the family, just as the women toiled in barbaric times. The family name is upheld—they are Respectable.

That most women take very kindly to this business of Conspicuous Waste there is no doubt; and woman's aptitude for the part leads one almost to assume that she, herself, first suggested this division of labor.

S the priestly office has many specialized functions, so has that of the soldier. Government officials and politicians whose business is to prey are Vicarious Soldiers. A Politician is a civilized savage. A few years ago, he would have swooped down and seized the thing. Now the opposition of forces forbids, and he has to do by legal means what the savage chief did by violence.

His business is to convince, wheedle and cajole the people into voting for him. That in many instances he thinks he is sincere, there is no doubt; but the fact remains that the "ward boss" or the "district boss" is a man who studies the penal code closely, so as to keep out of jail. He is a bashi-bazouk posing as the people's friend. His motto is, "To the victors belong the spoils," which he may announce as did Andrew Jackson, or deny as did R. B. Hayes—the fact remains the same.

As the first practical and useful work was done by women, outside of killing things, the soldier lived on the labor of women. So the priest and all those who make up the Superior Class are

still supported by the industrial community. At the last, everything comes out of the ground and somebody has to dig for it.

This Superior Class lives by acquisition, rather than by production. The propensity to annex is strong in the Soldier Class, the predaceous instinct never relaxes, and exemption from work is still the certificate of character ❧ ❧ ❧ But the politician is not really respectable until he is able to have his family indulge in Conspicuous Waste ❧ Read the dispatches from Washington and you will be confused to know whether the men or women are the most important. Usually there is one column of the doings of Congress, and two columns concerning receptions, fetes, soirees, dinners and teas, with all the data concerning gowns, brooches, bays and cross-matches ❧ By the side of the great man is a picture of his wife—seldom his intellectual mate—but the one who advertises his status by her Conspicuous Waste.

The most trivial actions of the President's wife and daughter are cabled to the ends of the earth; their coming and going, with minutiæ as to their attire, and all that relates to cards, curds, and custards are spread before us each

morning at breakfast. And when the First Lady of the Land fainted and fell prostrate through an excess of Social Duties, we telegraphed our condolences, and nobody smiled excepting a mulatto in Tuskegee.

Politically, we live in the Age of Snobbery. That is to say, the social period of imitation and uncertainty. Socially the city of Washington is imitating the Old World nobility and out-heroding Herod. Washington Society is clutching for Respectability through Strenuous, Conspicuous Waste of time and material. And that it is succeeding daily in its complete devotion to futility, no one can dispute.

THE objection can be made that Washington Society is only a small number, and if they alone form the Superior Class, are really not worth consideration. The point is worth considering. Society at Washington is a grade below Biltmore, partaking of strenuosity and uncertainty: it is not quite sure that it is respectable, while Biltmore and Shelburne never doubt. These people, it is true, are not of much consequence, excepting to themselves, and are mentioned merely as an extreme type. They are like a picture painted with a broom, very much in evidence. The fact is that every city, town and village has its self-appointed Superior Class, and this class gets its tone and takes its fashions from the extreme types just mentioned.

That these people in the smaller towns actually do work with their hands, and help carry the burdens of the world, is true, yet on Sundays and other holidays they delight in parading themselves in a dress which seems to advertise that they do not work. Their raiment, when they can afford it, is the dress of those

who habitually indulge in Conspicuous Waste. Almost without exception they look forward to a time when they will not have to work. And those who do have to work unremittingly here, are offered an equivalent through a promise of endless rest and a mansion in the skies.

No heaven has yet been pictured excepting as a place of idleness and Conspicuous Waste ✍ Your country storekeeper, if he is prosperous, straightway advertises his prosperity in Conspicuous Waste. He builds a house five times as big as he needs. One might at first suppose that the size of a house would give the beholder some idea of the number of people who live in it, and this is true: excepting that small families live in large houses and large families in small houses. Indeed, the number in any given family is usually in inverse ratio to the size of the house. If prosperity smiles, the wife has two servants, and the daughter ceases to work in order to advertise the father's prosperity. The mother will tell you her servant-girl woes, and of all she suffers, but what can she do? She was far happier when they lived in a cottage and she did her work, but now there are all these things to care for, and the social duties

besides. Yet she is very happy in her misery. They are respectable and must advertise the fact, so the fashion in dress is followed that Paris decrees, as it filters through New York, Chicago, Grand Rapids, Galesburg, and Des Moines, Iowa, as the case may be.

And this fashion is always with a design of Conspicuous Waste.

Thus the starched shirt, high, stiff collar and white cuffs come straight from men who did no work, and dressed so they could not ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ Formerly the stiff "biled shirt" was worn only by preachers, doctors and lawyers—it was the badge of exemption from manual labor ⁂ But now every farm-hand on Sunday will get into this uncouth and uncomfortable apparel and go to church.

He endures the discomfort and he goes to the church because these things lend him eclat—he is respectable.

In truth, in rural communities this is the test, "Does he go to church?" If he does not, he is not respectable. And if he goes to church, he must dress like the others. So his clothes take on the priestly touch; for the collar, cuffs and shirt bosom all trace a direct pedigree to the

vestments of the priest, who wore his robes to prove to everybody that he was different, set apart, peculiar, and had no place in the plain industrial life of the community.

Woman's dress reveals more than that of a man in reaching out for Conspicuous Waste. The bracelets on her wrists, and the gold chain about her neck, go back to the time when these things had a positive use ✂ The chain at her neck became gold instead of iron, when she became the pride and pet of her owner. So jewels now advertise that woman is favored by a man.

The fashionable woman's hat, skirt, corset and shoes advertise her inability for useful effort. Rawlins says that in Abyssinia free women wore trousers, while slave women were compelled to wear a skirt. The skirt means servility —it hampers the wearer at every step, and if the dress be really fashionable, the owner has to lift the skirt in her hands; while in the courts of Europe boys and girls are set apart to follow and carry this cumbersome train.

And as for the women's hats and bonnets, they no longer pretend to be for protection or service —the head-gear is purely for display. And the

bonnet that is a "dream of loveliness" to-day is considered a "fright" on the morrow. For Conspicuous Waste demands that you shall discard things before they are worn out, hence the changes in fashion.

Corsets unfit the wearer for useful effort, and were at first used to bring about a becoming delicacy and deformity.

The French heel is not really French but is Parisian, and advertises that the wearer is not a peasant who carries burdens on her head. To carry a heavy burden you must have your foot squarely on the ground, but to walk at all with a French heel is a difficult performance. A case in point may not be out of place: A woman came up from New York to visit the Roycroft Shop ☙ She wore very high French heels, and got along all right on the sidewalk or on the floor. But once she started to take a short cut across the lawn. There had been a rain the night before and while the sod looked smooth and pretty, it was very soft, so our good woman's high heels went right down into the ground. I watched the lady from a safe distance and noticed her flounder. I have always been somewhat interested in dynamics, and I

was afraid she would fall forward, and as she weighed a hundred and seventy, there might be a "silver fork fracture." She did fall, but she did not fall forward as I had expected. She fell backward and made her impress on the turf. She lost her center of gravity, and so did everybody who saw the operation ❧ She was absolutely powerless to recover herself, and it took the combined efforts of Deacon Buffum and Ali Baba to carry her to a place of safety. ❧ I mention this seemingly irrelevant incident to prove the effectiveness of a form of dress that was designed to reveal the disability of the wearer ❧ The woman did not work and could not—in those clothes.

This woman also wore the long skirt and the straight front corset which further advertised her unfitness. Can one imagine a mother clad in such garments? Motherhood, and the signs of motherhood, are sacred to all good men, but here was a woman who wore garments that exaggerated her hips and bust, proving an alibi for other parts of her anatomy, and shoes that rendered her an easy prey for any predaceous Roman in search of female Sabines! Yet, she was a worthy wife and mother, and her attire

was only a histrionic make-believe. But having completed the circle, back comes Conspicuous Waste, and we find fashion's devotee of the extreme type, dressing and acting with a most becoming modesty. Thus we have the well-bred golf girl with her thick-soled, flat-heeled shoes, who discards corsets and the long skirt, and can ride a cross-saddle like a man. In this type of Wadsworthi we get a gentleness of voice and behavior in both men and women that is very pleasing. Some of these women work at trades—bookbinding or woodcarving. The men pose as stock raisers or farmers, or write books. And for a time the prophet of the better day thinks the cycle is complete and we have come back to simplicity.

But alas! be not deceived—it is all a make-believe, merely a refinement of Conspicuous Waste, just to catch the admiration of the more subtle and refined. They have cut the vulgar peoples out of their lives absolutely; they take no note of them; they eliminate the doer and the worker; they eradicate the promoter and the man of enterprise, and they live in an æsthetic heaven, four times removed from the man of prowess and power, but they still cling

blindly to the honorific rewards that are due to Conspicuous Waste, and exemption from the world of useful effort. It is the same old ideal of warrior and priest—the simplicity is a costly pretense, and many servants are required to carry it out. And if we are subtle enough to appreciate it, we bend the knee and bow before the extreme type of Æsthetic Futility ❧ It is Smugness and Self-Complacency polished and refined until it looks like genuine merit. It is similar to that peculiar specimen of the demi-monde in Philadelphia that passes for a Quakeress, and sometimes deceives even the members of the Clover Club.

STILL further refinement of histrionic seizure of honors is sometimes seen among the descendants of geniuses, who have produced somewhat of a marked literary or artistic excellence.

These people are like the descendants of Captain Kidd—they have everything but the great man's courage and ability. The dead ancestor was a writer, and a man of culture and kindness; the play-actor descendants assume the gait and gesture, the manner and habit of this supposed greatness. Theirs is the tone of kindness, minus the kindness; the thoughtful look without the thought.

They tell of literary tasks, and relate how busy they are at this or that great problem, but they never solve any problem, and the long expected book dies a-borning.

And at the last the reverence of these degenerate descendants of great men for literature is a pretense—towards the living men who produce literature, this social Superior Class have only aversion and scorn. Their reverence is for the dead. Shakespeare, Browning, Keats,

Rembrandt, Shelley, Thoreau, Whitman and Byron, were not respectable; and the decayed gentility that holds letters in its custody would have scorned a genuine creator during his life. When Emerson wrote this line: "No law is sacred to me but that of my own nature," most of his kinsmen forsook him; he was compelled to resign his pastorate, and he was repudiated by his Alma Mater.

That most sweet and gentle of all the women writers, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was accursed in the mind of her father to the day of his death, because she did not conform to his idea of what was respectable and right. She sent him letters, but they were returned to her unopened; she dedicated to him books, but he refused to read them. And now he lives only because he sired this daughter, and his folly and his hate are his monument.

Our social play-actors have neither the ability nor the inclination to concentrate on chaos and make it concrete. They will not pay the price, they demand the honors, but they want ease. A still further variant of self-deception reveals itself in certain religious sects, that are supposed to do things just as their founder did.

They assume a marked placidity of manner, speak in meaningless monotone, and take on the smile of vacuity that is supposed to reveal abnegation. Their speech is a gibberish which probably meant something to the person who first used it, but is now a glib, parrot-like production that befogs the reason and staggers understanding.

Those that most affect passivity—pretending to build upon the teachings of one who scorned all exclusive ownership of things—take a fresh lease on loot and parade their Conspicuous Waste, fall down and worship the golden calf, and clutch after the futilities for which barbarians struggle, and for which women sell their souls, and thieves break through and steal. Mammon thus secures new cohorts, and money changers again take possession of the Temple.

IT will be seen from what has gone before that the standard of respectability is fixed by the soldier and priest. These, with their satellites, form the self-appointed Superior Class. The distinguishing features, or badge, of the Superior Class are:

1. Conspicuous Waste of time, money and materials.

2. Abstention from all necessary or useful industry

To work with your hands, or wear the garb of a working person, would be to forfeit one's good name It would mean abandonment of the position of power, an admission before the world that you are only commonplace And so to differentiate themselves from the herd, the members of this Superior Class have always worn a peculiar and distinctive garb. Indeed, Herbert Spencer seems to think that the primal use of dress is not for warmth or protection, but to reveal the social status. It will be remembered that Carlyle works out the idea at length in his "Sartor Resartus." One specially grim fact he states, and that is that

a naked House of Lords would inspire no awe. ❧ Masters require their servants to wear a livery. In Athens, in the time of Pericles, only free men were allowed to wear sleeves ❧ In England, the butler, being nearest the master, is allowed to dress somewhat like him, or like a priest, in fact, he presides; but boots, lackey and coachman grade off into distinct types. You see the servant and you know at once his grade, and you treat him accordingly. Moreover, you know to what family he belongs, for each house has its color or stripe ❧ You can always tell the German soldier from the French by his uniform, so do you recognize the livery, and say the man is a De Lancy, a Foxhall, a Percy, a Keene, a Bradley-Martin, as the case may be. The man is marked, his grade revealed by his dress, just as are officers in the army. In penitentiaries, the same idea holds. The prison has its uniform and a man in the stripes of Sing Sing could not travel far without being challenged. Once, in my callow days, I accepted a wager that I could wear a prison suit, and walk from Buffalo to Cleveland without serious molestation. It took me over four days to get thirty miles, I was arrested nine times, and at

Dunkirk I came near being mobbed by Sunday School picnickers, and was compelled to give up my uniform for citizens' clothes. Yet I was a free man and innocent of crime, and there was no law defining what I should wear, so long as it was male attire.

But there are unwritten laws, and to a great degree society dictates what its members shall wear, just as in feudal times, and much the same to-day, the master dictates to his servants what their clothing shall be.

And the master himself is caught in the mesh that he has woven, and this soulless something we call Society dictates to him what he shall do and what not. There are limits beyond which he cannot go. So the men who make fashions are caught and held captive by them, just as the children who play ghost get badly frightened themselves.

And one of the fixed canons for the man of the Superior Class and all of his family, is that they shall do no useful work. Plain folks are only forbidden to work on Sunday, but this man cannot work any day, on pain of social damnation.

And another canon is that he shall live in a

certain locality, or lose caste. If his family does not comply, it forfeits all claim to respectability.

A man may carry a bag of golf-clubs on the public street, but he dare not be seen with a hoe and pickaxe.

He may tote a violin case, but he dare not touch a coal-scuttle in public.

A woman of the Superior Class may attend to flowers, but she must not work in the vegetable garden.

The thing that has directly to do with the maintenance of life is bad form, crude, rude, vulgar and forbidden.

But curiously enough the law of Vicarious Doing comes in and women of the Superior Class may make garments for the heathen, when they would be disgraced if they made clothing for themselves or their own family.

The human mind delights in make-believe, thus showing our arrested development. We like to make ourselves believe we are useful, when all the time we know we are not We like to think we are sacrificing ourselves and being martyred, when all the time we know we are having a good time and doing the thing because we want to. Often we are happiest

when most miserable ✍ Thus we have these quasi-charitable and pseudo-religious societies that "work for humanity,"—the folks who go a-slumming, who form college settlements, and clubs that seek to educate people who work with their hands into the punctilio and mode of life, habit and thought of those who do not. ✍ That these efforts to benefit are largely futile, is nothing against them to those who indulge in them, because to them futility is a virtue—to do positive good is a disgrace. These people chase the innocent aniseed bag— a Vicarious Fox—as a business; so make-believe and pretense enter into their religion and charities, no less than in their pastimes. The fabric of their lives is largely play-acting.

It would be unjust to call them hypocritical and insincere ✍ They are sincere in their insincerity, and their rag dolls are to them real babies. This habit of self-deception permeates the Superior Class and makes their evolution a very slow and tedious process.

Grown-ups delight in make-believe. Count Leo Tolstoy, the greatest thinker in Russia, and a rich man, plays he is a peasant; and often gives his family gooseflesh by threats to give away

his property. Those who threaten to dissipate their property never do, and those who do, do not intend to.

Americans are rich people with big estates, who live the Simple Life five days each month and the rest of the time drive bang-tail horses or ride in Red Devil automobiles, defying bucolic justice.

Education, until yesterday, was of two kinds —priestly and military ❧ Roughly speaking, Harvard represents the one, West Point the other. Harvard has departments of Theology, Law, Medicine and the Classics—all are non-productive, and largely make-believe ❧ The simple fact that the education in Law, Medicine and Theology of twenty-five years ago is now regarded as inept, puerile and inconsequent, shows the make-believe in the pedagogics and science of the past.

As for the study of the Classics, its chief charm lay in its futility—in the fact that it unfitted a man for useful life. To know a dead language was a meritorious separation from life, and a thing desirable. Its desirability was an honor —you could use it so seldom and with so few. ❧ Education in the science of war, which is the

science of carrying desolation and inflicting death, is still considered to be an honorable acquirement. So everywhere we have Military Schools where the martial spirit is instilled and encouraged, and where patriotism—the detestation of other countries—is inculcated. That this class of schools do good, there is no doubt, but they minister largely to this habit of self-deception so common in the Superior Class. People who patronize these academies joyously believe they are fitting their boys to protect the toilers. Anyway, they unfit the boy for becoming a toiler.

Thus we hark back to the savage idea, which was that the best men should be set apart to protect the tribe.

"In England," Gladstone once said, "there are only two honorable walks open to young men; the Army and the Church." It is still the Warrior and the Priest, guised and glossed by a smug, complacent make-believe, carried out and refined by higher personal potencies Visit Old Point Comfort, Saratoga, Newport and Point of Pines and you will at once see the premium paid to ineptness and futility The inability and the disinclination to partake

in useful effort is considered a virtue in that it proves the prowess of the person—his power to make others do for him. This was surely so in the beginning—the Roman soldiers who stole women made them work, and later when they stole men they made them do things, too. We are told that the pyramids of Egypt were built by slaves; we know that it was wisely directed slave labor that made Athens great; that it was slave labor that evolved Venice ☙ So power and prowess really have a certain virtue. Those old time warriors were just what they pretended to be.

And that brings us up to still another phase: Meritorious Substitution, or Salvation through a Vicarious Pecuniary Atonement.

The Superior Class at Asheville, Saratoga and Newport have no power and reveal no prowess, but they take to themselves all the credit of prowess and parade their ability in killing time and following the aniseed make-believe trail, poetically speaking ☙ The men of power who exploited labor or monopolized good things through force of arms or force of cunning and intellect, were the ancestors of these men. And by a strange paradox these descendants of men

of power scorn a genuine, living man of power, and take to themselves credit on being one or two removes from a sure-enough person of prowess.

If Captain Kidd were alive to-day, he would not be considered Respectable, although no doubt he was in the circle in which he moved. But I am told there are lineal descendants of Captain Kidd who are very proud of the name. So we have many descendants of Captain John Smith who was no less an outlaw. There are well authenticated pedigrees of persons tracing a line direct to Pocahontas, and these people take much pride in saying they trace to a genuine American. But if Pocahontas were alive to-day they would hardly have the old lady in their homes and call her gran'ma. It is somewhat like Anton Seidl, who claimed to be a natural son of Franz Liszt. When asked as to the truth of this claim, Philip Hale said with a yawn, "Oh, but it is no great mark of distinction—there are so many claiming the honor, you know!"

Liszt is dead, removed from us by both time and distance, but by a curious metamorphosis we evolve the bar sinister into a virtue, and

multiply honors by the square of the distance. Almost anybody traces back to William the Conqueror, and that he was a Natural Son of Nobody makes no difference.

Thus we have Societies of gentlewomen whose sole badge of distinction lies in that they had certain ancestors who fought in a certain war. No inquiry is made into this man's character or as to why he fought. So we have had the very curious spectacle of a woman at Reading, Pennsylvania, knocking for admittance to this Society, and on proving that she had ancestors who were with Washington at Yorktown, was duly admitted with appropriate rites and ceremonies. Her ancestors, it has since transpired, were Hessians, but the woman still refuses to abdicate.

This story really has very little to do with the argument, but the truth may be stated that this descendant of the Hessians had just as much to do with the Revolutionary War as the somewhat unreasonable women who now shrilly demand her resignation.

Just how Respectability may be rightly claimed by people who have done nothing, because they had ancestors who did, will be shown later, and

at the same time will be revealed why men pride themselves on being different from their ancestors in whom they take much pride ❧ ❧ This idea of Respectability through Vicarious Virtue is an interesting subject for the psychologist, involving the pretty make-believe of a histrionic benefit, where we play to the gallery of our own self-esteem.

HE idea of Respectability is a phantasmagoria contrived and created by the people that it controls.

The desire is not to be, but to seem. The intent of life is to make an impression upon other people, and this, and this alone, is the controlling impulse in what is called Good Society

And so to a great degree we are all play-actors, and make-believe runs through the entire fabric of our lives. To the man who can get off at a little distance, so as to get the perspective, the whole thing is a comedy But not wholly a comedy of errors, for it is all evolution—slow, perhaps, but necessary and very sure

"That churches and institutions exist is proof that they are needed, for everything is its own excuse for being," said John Ruskin. However, things do exist after the use for which they were created has passed. And then they may become a nesting place for disease. And the Superior Class—the class that sets the standard of Respectability—is the class that clings to the dead and outworn It resists all thought of

change and improvement, and fights progress with a bitterness that shows no relenting ✦ ✦ Do away with Ancestor Worship in China, and convert the Musselman to the truth that if he prays to the South it will be just as effective as toward the East, and your task will be no greater than to show some men that the fact of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's partaking of the communion in Trinity Church is a matter of really no importance to anybody.

Such trivial things as the privilege of a man to marry his deceased wife's sister has set the world by the ears. And suggestions to do away with the death penalty, to introduce the single tax, to bring about arbitration in place of war, have all been hotly denounced and their promulgators vilified. Suggest social changes such as these named and you will hear much talk about "the dissolution of society," "a reign of terror," "pulling out the keystone of society," "destruction of the hearthstone," "a return to savagery," etc.

Yet changes occur and the morning stars still sing together. Within twenty-five years men of sense have abandoned the idea of hell, and a personal devil is now only a huge joke even

in orthodox churches. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was once a great and vital truth, but now we spare the rod and save the child. Love, patience and kindness are answering the purpose much better than the rod. Capital punishment has been done away with in some states and will be ere long in all; the dark cell has everywhere been abolished, and the time will surely come when jails and penitentiaries will have to go as well. We doubt the wisdom of men turning themselves into a section of the Day of Judgment in order to punish other men, and to kill the murderer we find neither brings his victim back to life, nor does it prevent the commission of other crimes.

The best lawyers now are business men, who keep people out of trouble instead of getting them in ❧ The best doctors no longer treat symptoms—giving you something to cure your headache and settle your stomach—they seek the cause and tell you the truth. The preachers are everywhere acknowledging they do not know anything about another world—they are preaching social salvation here and now ❧❧❧ The world is growing better, and that many people behold the chimera of Respectability

through Conspicuous Waste, and are refusing to conform their lives to it, is very hopeful. Conspicuous Waste and Conspicuous Leisure do not bring health, happiness, long life nor contentment.

Once we thought work was a curse; then it came to us that it was a necessary evil; and yesterday the truth dawned upon us that it is a blessed privilege. That the many are still blind to truth may be a fact, but the light is growing in the East.

There is more joy in useful effort than the painstaking avoidance of it; it is better to tell the truth than a lie; and the plain reality is better than pretense and make-believe.

We want to do what is best for ourselves, and we have made the discovery that what is best for ourselves is best for others.

Creeping into the lives of men everywhere is the thought that co-operation is better than competition—we need each other. And by giving much we will receive much.

We are reaching Enlightened Self-Interest, and there is a strong setting of the social tide toward Useful Effort instead of Conspicuous Waste. Everywhere schools and colleges are getting

into line—doing things, and not merely talking about things ❧ The education for show—the education de luxe—will soon be consigned to limbo. Already we say, "That man is the best educated who is the most useful," and the true test of education will be in its possessor's ability to serve ❧ And the day will surely come when the only man who is not Respectable will be the man who consumes but does not produce. Disgrace will then consist in living a life of Conspicuous Waste, and the greatest man in our midst will be the one who confers most benefits. The light is dawning in the East ❧ We are living in eternity now, just as much as we ever shall. God is right here now, and we are as near Him now as we shall ever be. He never started this world a-going and went away and left it—He is with us yet. There is no devil but fear, and nobody and nothing can harm you but yourself ❧ We should remember the week-day to keep it holy, live one day at a time, doing our work the best we can. There is no more sacred place than that where a man is doing good and useful work, and there is no higher wisdom than to lose yourself in useful industry, and be kind—AND BE KIND.

ONCE when bread and honey were up for discussion a little girl from the city asked her country cousin this question, "Does your papa keep a bee?" ❧ And that is all there is of the story.

But let me here state a great, undisputed fact: A bee alone can make no honey. A bee alone is not self-supporting. In fact, a bee alone loses heart absolutely; its intelligence vanishes; it even forgets how to sting. And separated a distance of from three to five miles from its hive it will soon droop and die ❧ Bees are successful only as they work with other bees.

MAN alone will accomplish nothing. All of his thoughts and acts have a direct relationship with others.

Men succeed only as they work together.

Without companionship ambition droops; courage flags; reason totters; animation vanishes and the man dies.

Nature puts a quick limit on the horrors of solitary confinement—she unhinges the reason of the prisoner, and he addresses comrades who have no existence save in his fevered imagination.

The prisoner who does useful work is in direct communication with other people—he works for others, and the thought that he is doing something for somebody sustains him.

The "lifer" is always sustained by the hope of pardon—as long as he lives he is a part of the Whole, and should it ever come to him that his case is a hopeless one and he is alone, his usefulness is gone.

Soldiers who are cowards when by themselves, often fight bravely when placed on the firing line with others.

We succeed only as we band ourselves with others. Each man is a molecule that is needed to make up the All.

Successful employers of labor recognize this full well, for they always allow their helpers to work in gangs where possible ✍ A Division Superintendent in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad tells me, that in painting station houses he has found that four men working together will do at least five times as much work as one man working alone, and they will also do the work better.

Teachers know the principle, and thus they teach in classes ✍ The private tutor is never quite a success unless his scholar is a defective. Children will teach each other quite as much as they are taught by their teachers. Healthy people like to work, play, eat, learn and live together.

The Kindergarten Spirit (and no finer thing exists) is only possible through association. A child absolutely alone would never evolve; a child deprived of the companionship of its own becomes abnormal.

A great man is one who carries the Kindergarten Spirit right through life, and any one

who carries the Kindergarten Spirit through life is great.

The sheep-herder alone on the mountains often is possessed by illusions and hallucinations, and yet he has his dog, his horse, his flock, and these to a degree supply comradeship, but they are not enough. He needs humans.

It is wise to go up into the mountain, but not to remain there; it is well to cultivate silence and solitude, but only that we may return to our work in society, rested and refreshed.

Man was made for association. He is a part of the All and cannot be separated from it. William Morris said, "Fellowship is heaven, and the lack of fellowship is hell!"

THE first factor in the evolution of humanity is mutual aid ✍ A family living in the country, depending upon agriculture for their support, is a little community ✍ There is the father, mother, half a dozen children, and grandparents. If they lived a purely individual life each adult, when he got up in the morning, would start a fire for himself and prepare his own breakfast.

But not so. One starts a fire, another brings in fuel, another goes for a bucket of water, still others go out and take care of the stock. When the meal is ready all partake of it.

After breakfast each one goes to work and does the thing he can do best. The girls help their mother put the house in order; they sew, wash, work in the garden or among the flowers, and keep the home presentable and sanitary ✍✍✍ The men and boys will care for stock, plough, or cut down trees for lumber or fuel. The boy too small to work but who can ride horseback goes to town on errands or for the mail. The old man rocks the cradle and churns ✍ The grandmother darns, mends and knits. Each

slips naturally into the place where he belongs, taking up the task he can do best, and working for the good of all. The one who can bestow most benefits receives most honors. In the case of the old they are honored for what they have done, and the young are honored and loved for the hope of what they will become. At harvest-time men, women and children will go out in the orchards and fields and work at the common task of garnering the crop. Such a family, possessed of even moderate mental attainments, that work with reasonable zeal and simple common sense, and work together, will grow wealthy. As the years pass by their barns will grow greater; the dwelling will be enlarged and beautified, outside and in; trees will be planted and bring forth fruit, or supply a grateful shade. The place will take on the attitude of good cheer, tokening happiness and reasonable content.

It is not necessary to see the man to know what sort of a person he is.

You know the farmer by the appearance of his farm—his character is written all over it. His cattle, horses, hogs and sheep, all proclaim him. A farmer is known by his team, not by the

company he keeps. As a boy I could look at the horses tied in front of a country store and make a close guess as to the moral, mental and financial status of the owners, and I was not so awfully smart, either. The bridle and saddle of a drunkard always give him away. We know Ragged Haggard by his clothes. This is the point: the family whose members work together succeed. And the success of this family is in exact ratio to the love that cements them into a Whole. Of course the more intellect you can mix with this mutual love, the better; but intellect alone is too cold to fuse the dumb indifference of inanimate things and command success. Love is the fulfilling of life's law.

E have seen that just so long as the family cleaves together and works, its prosperity and peace is assured.

The success of a family lies in being as nearly a perfect community as possible. As it departs from the oneness and unselfishness of communism, it approaches dissolution. Let a portion of the household begin to seize and appropriate for their use and benefit, and the worm is already in the core.

To plot for personal pleasure is the sure way to lose it.

The family is a success only as it strives for a common aim and ideal. It represents unity in diversity. The greater diversity in way of work, play and occupation, the nearer it will come to supplying the medium or environment in which its members can best develop. Thus if one of the girls in a fairly prosperous family has a taste for music, the others will probably secure her a piano. If one can sketch or paint, some one will make suitable frames for the pictures and hang them up. If one member has a taste for literature he will find good books, and bring

them home and read to the others and tell of what he has discovered.

All people who have lived a little can recall households where the growing boys and girls have not only really educated themselves, but also the older members, as well as the younger ones. Often they evolve an absolute change in the furnishings and surroundings. They have elevated the tastes, refined the passions and changed the mental and spiritual atmosphere. ☙ All that these younger members get, all they accomplish, is for the good of all. This is the pure Communal Idea.

It is but a trite truism to say that no one ever receives an education alone, and the only way we can keep an education is to give it away. And the more people we give it to, the more education we have left.

Now let us just imagine that a goodly degree of the art spirit—the attempt to express the beautiful & true—has come into the household we were just considering ☙ From the toil and penury of pioneer life, their industry, mutual efforts and earnestness have lifted them into a condition of comparative ease. In short trips to surrounding towns, and occasional visits to

distant cities, the young men and women of the household have gained glimpses into the world of art and letters. These glimpses they have transformed, in degree, into actualities. The old house is painted, a veranda is added, a cottage organ or possibly a piano has been bought, a bookcase has been achieved and the shelves are gradually filled.

Flower beds are laid out and ornamental trees and shrubbery are planted where before stood a pig-pen, and a plot where the calves were staked out to graze ❧ All the work is done by the family—all are busy and therefore happy and healthy. They are working and they are succeeding. It is a successful little community. ❧ And now in the midst of this blissful Nirvana of useful and united effort, it is discovered that there is a reservoir of natural gas beneath the farm ❧ ❧

Prospectors arrive; promoters follow; the farm is sold for a sum of money that, to the owners, seems beyond the dreams of avarice.

Straightway they move to the city. They buy a house in a modest, but fairly well-to-do part of the town. At first their mode of life is not very different from the former life; perhaps a

little better furniture has been bought; the old piano has been replaced by a parlor grand; a room has been set apart for a library in which the books brought from the farmhouse look a bit lonesome.

The young ladies have vocal and instrumental music teachers. The boys prepare for college. Soon servants are hired, because their social duties take up so much attention.

There is a fallacy to the effect that plain and so-called ignorant people cannot get into city society. This is a mistake: there is a shade and grade of society in every city that fits any and every class. There are "fifty-seven varieties" of city society.

The grade of newly rich is a very important grade, it is hard to get into, if you do not belong in it, but deadly easy if you do.

It imitates the foibles and follies of the grade above

Conspicuous Leisure and Conspicuous Waste start at the top with the Four Hundred, and run right down through to girls who head the Social Seven, and work in the Paper Box Factory

There is right here a strong temptation to drift away and write a novel about our newly rich

family—a novel founded on facts so stern and true that all would recognize their verity. I will be strong—I will not do this. I will simply say that the old grandfather and grandmother deprived of churning, darning, knitting, and the care of ducks and chickens, sit dressed up and try to look happy. The strain is too great—they are like ferns uprooted and lying in the sun—they wither, droop and die.

The father and mother follow them to Graceland, and almost wish they were in the hearse. Down below the depths of consciousness they realize that the only life worth while, is the life of simplicity and mutual, helpful effort. Fate has swept them out of this life, and now they are struggling to fit into an environment that is absolutely foreign to their natures—

the life of pretense and make-believe
—the life of Conspicuous Waste
and of Conspicuous Leisure.
We still have the family,
but we have lost the
community idea.

THE woes of the Servant-Girl Problem disturb the sleep of the land; and we have the views of an eminent nerve specialist for it, that at least one-half of all the cases of nervous prostration among women are traceable to this one cause. Where women suffer, men must suffer too, and where both are suffering a direct effect is had on vital statistics. Whether the mistress or the servant-girl suffers the most is debatable, but certainly they each occupy a position where compromise means disgrace, and to live is dishonor. In a household servants are disintegrating factors, for they never become an integral part of the community, nor do they allow the children to do so. They work for their wages and not for the good of all.

Emerson says, "The corner-stone of society is this, that or the other, as the young orators may decide."

Some say the corner-stone of society is the family, but when a family is given to idleness and make-believe, it is a family given to fuss and folly, quibble and quarrel.

If the corner-stone of society exists at all it is the community, united in useful endeavor for mutual benefit ❧ A family whose chief aim is Conspicuous Waste and Conspicuous Leisure is a corner-stone laid in softest silt. A society that is made up of a multitude of such families is a Jericho around whose walls the Joshua of Destiny is already blowing his ram's horn ❧ We often speak of a village or town as a "community," but the residents of a village are no more a community than are the patrons of a hotel a family ❧ The "guests" of a hotel usually do not see the landlord and do not know him; they have no personal interest in him, nor has he any interest in them beyond getting their good dollars ❧ Nor have these guests any interest in each other. Men may have adjoining rooms, and not be acquainted, nor do they so much as speak if they meet in the hallway. To call a village a community is just as absurd as to call the patrons of a hotel "guests."

In the typical American town of five hundred, or one or two thousand people there is always an absolute coldness and indifference existing among the residents toward a majority of the

people in the place. Such villages have from three to nine churches; the people who attend one church never go to another. Recently I was in a village where the Baptist church building had been struck by lightning the day before, and the quiet chuckles of the Methodists and Presbyterians were plainly noticeable.

Protestantism is a religion that divides men. Around each little denomination there swings a social clique that looks down on the others, and scorns and politely thwarts and blockades to the extent of its ability, all the other similar social cliques in the village.

There is a public school, but not one parent out of twenty ever visits it, or pretends to take the least interest in its work or methods.

Religion, business and society in our villages are competitive, not co-operative, and such a thing as a communism of thought, ideal and purpose, does not exist, and is not understood even as an hypothesis.

President Hadley of Yale has recently said, "The best thing a young man gets in college is the college spirit. The graduate of a University is forever a brother to all who go, have gone, or will go to that University. We speak

of the college as our 'Mater' or Mother. The University that best fosters this college spirit, or bond of fellowship, other things being equal, is the greatest."

A college to a certain extent is a community, but a village is not. In a college there is a general oneness of aim and ideal, but in a village, as most villages exist to-day, everybody is looking out for himself; and there is a beautiful contempt for the rights of others which is mirrored in the conduct of even the children, for children always reflect the minds and imitate the actions of their elders.

And well has it been said that "God made the country, man the city, and the devil the small towns." The devil always stands for dissolution —pulling apart—for denominationalism. The word "denominate" means to name, and so denominationalism is a struggle concerning names—a mere question of definitions. The villages that are the most beautiful and successful are where the inhabitants quibble least and work together most.

The very act of working together evolves the Mutual Admiration Society and this forms an atmosphere in which genius can breathe and

blossom. "Great men come in groups," we are told. The fact is, common men often evolve into uncommon men, when they live in groups that work together.

For over half a century the little village of Concord, Massachusetts, with its neighboring town of Cambridge, supplied America most of its literature, and the one great writer that America has so far produced lived there. Six men who made up the Barbizon School gave a tint to the entire art world.

The Mutual Admiration Society made Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Wallace, Tyndall and Ernst Hæckel possible, and these six men have given a new definition to science and changed the religious complexion of Christendom.

In Renan's "History of the Apostles" is to be found this:

"Primitive Christianity set something above the family; it created a bond of spiritual fraternity—it stood for communism. It was in this community that woman found her first glimpse of freedom, as opposed to the oriental custom where the man was the actual owner of the woman. And although in degree civilization has returned to the oriental idea with its exclusive

family life, presided over by a lord and master, yet monasticism has always afforded a certain sanctuary or retreat where oppressed woman could find safety."

Christianity was at first socialistic, as we see in the declaration of Jesus that we should leave father, mother, wife and child to follow him; it was a reaction and a protest against the rigid constitution of the Aryan race ✍ Christianity recognizes that the family is not the whole and only social unit. It gave certain people exemption from the narrowing confines of family life, so priests and deaconesses do not marry, but cling yet to the original idea of communism. And it is through this communistic idea of the monastery that art and learning has survived. The family could not have done for education what monasticism has ✍ There are souls so constituted that instead of the love of one, two or eight persons, they demand the affection of hundreds. They have the power to give and to absorb, and to these, family life, under its usual conditions, seems weak, cold and tiresome ✍✍ "Why force upon all persons the requirements of our dull and narrow family life? The secular family alone is not enough—we need brothers

and sisters not after the flesh;" exclaims Renan. "Individuals alone never succeed. Individuals are successful only as they make themselves necessary to other individuals. They help themselves by helping the community."

While it is true that a family is a community, it is in most instances a very imperfect one, for the reason that there are not enough members to make a complete man, or to supply a complete education. You cannot take the virtues of an average household and construct a perfect character; and these qualifications the Ideal Community must supply.

The younger members of an average family are sent away to be educated, and therein the incompleteness and imperfection of the family is recognized and admitted.

If members of a family could receive within the family circle a gratification for all their physical, mental and spiritual yearnings, they would not leave the family and go out roaming restlessly over the world.

We long for the experience that comes from meeting many minds, and that these minds are all more or less in fear of each other and opposed to each other, is the reason men are so

poorly educated. In most families the members see so much of each other that they irritate and often antagonize one another. A man once said to me, "I do not believe it is possible for two persons to take a journey to Europe together without hating each other most thoroughly." Continual personal contact is unendurable. A deal of strife is engendered in family life by its enforced personal association. Some man has said no house is big enough for two families—he should have said one.

As it is you will more often find the old grandfather and grandmother living drearily alone, rather than to make up a part of a Communal Family Group.

It takes a good many men to make a perfect man. Each man is a man limited—one can do so very little. And if he can do one thing well he is fortunate—God be praised! Society needs the all-round man, that she may make a good specialist of him ✂ As it is, we often have the specialist first, and the man falls a victim of arrested development, so the all-round man is never evolved.

With the Roycrofters we have a man who is a specialist in the art of paring potatoes. He will

do nothing else, because he does this one thing superbly and well, and honor for him lies in this and nothing else ✍ He does the work so well he cannot be spared for anything else. Every day he counts the potatoes he pares, and places the number down in his journal, with comments on the kind and quality. He weighs the parings and weighs the potatoes, and gives you figures, facts and sundry comments on the proportion of peel to a potato in Peachblows, Pinkeyes and Early Rose. He lives potatoes, dreams them, thinks them—his conversation is potato salad.

The antithesis of this man is a musician who hums and strums, and always and forever is talking of Wagner, Liszt and Chopin ✍ He dilates on Bach, sheds light on Mozart and amplifies concerning Beethoven. Incidentally, he makes hair-breadth distinctions between Grieg, Tschaikowsky, and spits on Paganini and all composers who produce what he calls "mere melodies."

He is a most accomplished musician, just as the other man is a skilled potato parer. Both are sincere—or fairly so. But as a steady diet, there is little choice between them. You soon

grow to anticipate every thought that each can conjure forth ❧ And when you can anticipate every remark and action of your friend he will grow tiresome. The charm of life lies in its unexpectedness. The individual who can think unexpected thoughts, can bring out of you the thoughts you never expected. Friends are for use and you use them by being of use to them. ❧ Now imagine if you can our potato parer and our musician, each the head of a household, and all the members obliged, day after day, to listen to their conversation; is it any wonder the younger members leave and the others would like to?

Then just bring before you the life of a woman possessed by a modicum of ambition married to a grocer, a liveryman, a brewer, a politician or a Baptist preacher, who always and forever discusses his specialty or sits grumpy, grouchy, glum and insensate, absorbed in introspection. To be married to this man of itself might be beautiful and right, but to face him over the coffee-urn for a lifetime and to hear him hum and strum for ninety-nine years to the exclusion of everything else, therein lie the fardels that make calamity of so long life.

The Communal Idea then comes in, and we catch glimpses of an association of men and women working for a common end, and that end the good of all. And in this community there are enough members so that their good qualities when fused, make up the perfect man. ❧ Heaven is always pictured as a community, never as made up of individuals who live in boxes which they call homes, where they lock themselves in by locking all others out ❧ ❧ ❧ Association means succumbing to attraction. The attraction which one individual holds for another is only a variant of the Law of Gravitation. The Law of Gravitation is the law that causes the planets to swing in their orbits; and without this planetary law of attraction, there would be no movement nor motion of the stars and planets. Dire chaos would follow at once the suspension of the Law of Gravitation, for through it are the planets held in place; and by it the stars swing in safety on their appointed ways ❧ ❧

The motions and movements of the heavenly bodies are all caused by their relationship and influence upon one another, "and thus does God in His goodness have them recognize and

befriend each other," said Sir Isaac Newton in his "Principia." And he might have added that the safety of a star lies in not getting too close to any other star—in being influenced by many, and not by one.

Our constant return to the Communal Idea in spite of numerous failures, seems to show that there is a deep fundamental truth in it. A community may fail, but faith in the principle never relaxes. The members are all ready to try it again.

Those who cling the closest to the Communal Idea are those who have tried it.

The early Christians were communists: there was a common purse, and each worked for the good of all; what one had, belonged to those who needed it most, and the endeavor of all was to contribute, not appropriate; to radiate, not absorb.

Jesus was certainly a communist: "Cast thy bread upon the waters."

"To save your life is to lose it."

"He that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

He regarded everything that he needed as his. He plucked the ears of corn and ate them, and

the fact that he did n't plant and cultivate the corn had no bearing on the case. He took what he needed, but he never took any more than he needed.

When he wanted food and shelter, he entered the nearest house, and said, "Peace be unto this house!" and was at home.

He did not pay in coin, for he had neither scrip nor purse—he paid by being and giving himself. I can well imagine that nothing he needed was withheld; surely he was never turned away by plain and simple people who lived naturally. That men should steal, that is to say, take that which they do not need and give nothing in return, is atrocious and unnatural. But that one should give what he has, and then take what he needs is beautiful, natural and right. This is the dream of the ages, and when humanity shall have evolved to a point where they deserve its fulfillment, it will be here. Ideal people will live the ideal life.

HEN I refer to communism in these pages it is voluntary communism that I mean, not compulsory. When a thing is made compulsory it becomes repellent to us; so compulsory communism is a paradox and a contradiction. Americans' proud reference to their great system of "Compulsory Education" should be tempered with an apology. There is something radically wrong with a society that has to force its beautiful things upon people. It is a confession that the beauty of these beautiful things, to many is not apparent, nor is their beauty of a type that is convincing ❧ ❧ We have laws which enforce education and vaccination. We hold these things in place by the force of law ❧ Children who do not go to school are sent for, and whether the boy who is brought to school by the truant officer is benefited or not, is a question, but all agree that the schoolroom is not. The enforced presence of a truant boy vitiates the atmosphere, breeds dire confusion and threatens the teacher with paresis ❧ The boy is not so bad—all he needs, usually, is a different kind of school—

one that he will go to, and not one to which he will have to be dragged. We can reform our men and boys only as we reform our methods. Compulsion never reforms. We call one day in the week "holy," and those who work or play on that day are criminals in the eyes of the law. People who assume marriage relations without legal consent are violating the criminal code, and those who do marry are forced to remain married forever or pay a serious penalty. We pass laws to protect large thieves and to punish small ones. These things are mentioned here simply to show that liberty is only a comparative term, and even in a Republic citizens are only partially free. Yet, as the American Republicanism of 1776 was quite different from the French Republicanism of 1789, so is Voluntary Communism totally different from the communism which the mobs tried to force upon France. The mobs wanted a leveling down—we desire a building up.

S a general proposition, the value of a man to society is in proportion to his ability to work with other men ✍ He should be willing to give and take. He should be slow to anger, patient in spirit and not quick to give or take offense. He should have faith in Nemesis, and have no time to act as her agent. Superiority is shown in this one thing—the ability to meet and mix with those of different temperaments and tastes, high or low, on a basis of equality. A man should be at home in any society ✍ To be frank, open and full of good cheer, keeping a civil tongue; to refrain from interfering in affairs that are none of his; and to know that personal difficulties, usually right themselves if let alone; these mark the superior man.

Late hours, strong drink, pretense, finesse and falsity absolutely unfit a person for Communal Life, for these things all tend toward disintegration. The very life of a community depends upon the opposite of these qualities just cited —the essence of coalition is loyalty and truth. In a free society the man who is a "rounder"

would be instinctively shunned by everybody, and more especially by women. For him there would be no favors. The man who wishes to dictate, own, absorb and exclude, will remain an individualist. In the course of time he may evolve enough altruism in his nature to fit him for Communal Life, and then he will enter upon it, but not before, any more than the savage will enter the stage of competition or commercialism, without passing through the pastoral and agricultural stages.

Cider "works" and cleanses itself of its impurities. And so a community "works" and eliminates the idle, the sensual, the bickering, the ill-tempered, the diseased, the untruthful. They are not discharged, but they grow very uncomfortable, and a silent, unseen principle sloughs them off.

The head of a household may be as contrary and contumacious as he likes, stopping short of broken bones, but each and every member of a community is on his good behavior. He lives in the open, and he must live so he does not have to make explanations nor apologies. For him there are no company manners. He must remember the week-day to keep it holy. Each

day for him is judgment day. His success lies in minding his own business—doing his work—and his power lies more in example than in explanation.

Success consists, not so much in getting the praise of others, as in securing the approval of one's inmost self.

Any man who has evolved far enough to set up a standard of thought and conduct in his own mind, is fit for the Communal Life, and none other is.

There must be an inward shrine where you can go and absolve yourself.

So far as you are concerned, God is within you, if anywhere.

Do you worship at a fane that is empty? I hope not ❧ ❧

No standard of excellence that society, law or temporal rulers can make is so exacting as this God within.

If you think it is easy to live up to your ideal, try it for a day—try it for a day!

Begin to-morrow and in the morning say, "This day I will live as becomes a man ❧ I will put hate, fear, whim and prejudice out of my heart. I will speak no heedless word ❧ I will hold a

mental attitude that will benefit every person I meet. I will do my work so well that when night comes, ere I close my eyes in sleep, the God within will say, 'Well done.' "

If you think it easy, try it for a day!

Tolstoy somewhere tells of a priest who saw a peasant plowing and asked him this question: "If you knew you were going to die this night, how would you spend the rest of the day?" The peasant thought a moment and answered, "I would plough."

A communist of the true type, if he had but a day to live, would not change his occupation. Every day he is preparing to live; and men who are prepared to live are prepared to die.

In family life the average man treats every other woman with more courtesy than he does his wife, and other people's children with more consideration than his own. A man in his home may be an absolute tyrant, and at the same time be known to the world as a "good fellow." Communism has no more use for the tyrant than it has for the good fellow. In family life, usually, a man sees too much of his family and they see too much of him; and society does not see enough of the good fellow with his antique

brass, or he would be well squelched. The good fellow is one who bothers the busy; deals in pretense and hypocrisy; encourages the idle —assuming both virtues and vices. He has not the courage to live his life and so has neither friends nor foes. His praise and blame are alike futile, and his lavish spending and "treating" are at the expense of some one else—he lives to impress the bartender.

Such a one may deceive a society made up of individuals, but he cannot deceive a community. There his measure is quickly taken. He does not have to be sent away—he goes. In a community an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

No coin of conduct is current in a community but sterling honesty—truthfulness alone is legal tender and passes at par.

Apologies and explanations are never in order; your life must proclaim itself and must be its own excuse for being.

And while all faults are forgiven in the man of perfect candor, the smile that does not spring straight from the soul will transform itself into a grimace. A community cannot be deceived. Only those who deal in deception can be duped.

William Penn once asked a man who was much given to drawing the long bow, "Why do you not lie to me?" And the liar answered, "What 's the use?"

In Athens of old the criterion or standard of art sprang from the most competent; so in a community the criterion of conduct is formed by the best. The highest minds fix the standard, and the lesser ones try to adapt themselves to it; but there is an unseen mark, which if they drop below, eliminates them absolutely from the community.

The question may here be asked, "Why may not a special community be formed where the standard of conduct is low, and so make the good fellows, idlers and rogues feel at home?" And the answer is this: a community is only possible where truth and loyalty abide. Weakness never formed a community and never can. And if it could, the institution would not hold together a day. In weak and vicious people—and the words mean the same—there is no attractive force, no coalescing principle. The weak pull apart—they will thwart, retard and impede all the rest They are like drowning people—they clutch and strangle each other.

A goodly degree of integrity, disinterestedness and unselfishness are demanded even to start a community, and the more of these qualities you can get the more enduring the institution. ❧ A partnership of weak men does not give strength ❧ Weakness multiplied by weakness equals naught. Two weak people will not make a strong combination. Strength multiplied by strength gives strength. Weak men need a monarch and defectives need a priest. They want some one to direct—to think for them. But the enlightened co-operate, and in pooling their best in thought and effort they reach a degree of power and excellence that can be obtained in no other way.

The reason communism has not come into general existence is, because the individuals have not been evolved who have had enough attractive force to coalesce.

Humanity, as yet, is on a very low mental and spiritual plane.

There is a gravity pertaining to the soul, as well as a Law of Gravity pertaining to matter. Sir Isaac Newton discovered one, and Jesus of Nazareth the other. "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." Good people are those

who have been lifted up into a more spiritual atmosphere, and they exercise an attractive force, and the better they are, the stronger this silent force they exert that works for good. Purity of purpose is a force, just as truly as is the Law of Gravitation.

The man who cannot take care of himself and think for himself, and act rightly for himself will be a drag and a burden in any community. Self-reliance, self-respect, and self-control are the three things needful—and these things will bring you success in a community, or out of it.

The nexus of the Communal Idea is religion. Prince Kropotkin says: "A passionate desire for working out a new and better plan of life and society is in itself essentially a religion."

Monasticism is a variant of the Communal Idea. And in spite of the fallacy that a man can help the world most by retiring from the world, we must give the monks due credit for rescuing classic literature from the darkness of the dark ages. The monks were the first of our modern bookmakers, and the volumes they made are even yet the hopeless tantalization of every inspiring printer and binder. They set us a standard of excellence so high that it almost

discourages emulation. Italian art, from which our modern art is derived, was not a private affair—it was for the Church and the Church was for all.

The Shakers, Quakers, Mennonites, Dunkards, Zoarites, Oneida Communists and Harmonists were all founded upon a religious idea. All of these names stand for truthfulness, industry, sobriety and excellence. In intellect members of these denominations or communities rank above the average individualist.

The Oneida Community lived for thirty years. Among its members drunkenness, prostitution, gambling, illiteracy, poverty, pauperism and chronic disease were absolutely unknown. All worked, all grew rich—at least they had all they needed, and due preparation was made for old age and sickness—"two things which really never came," a member once said to me.

In intelligence and general excellence the Oneida Communists far outranked the farmers and villagers who lived around them. At the Oneida Community plant there was a public library, steam heat, Turkish baths, a complete sewerage system, a kindergarten, an orchestra, and a brass band; and this in a community of

only three hundred people, and at a time when no town of two thousand inhabitants within a radius of a hundred miles had these things ❧ Even the personal enemies of Oneida admitted that the communists could do these two things: "Keep well and make money."

That communities all fail is a criticism which has been repeatedly brought against them ❧❧ They fail as flowers fail; as men fail who live useful lives and die; as the summer fails; as the sunshine fails, for it first develops a thing and then rots it; as the rain fails, for most of the rain falls upon the sea. Communities, like families and individuals, do not live forever. But surely "failure" is not the word; a community may disband, but it does not fail ❧ In the communist's bright lexicon of words there is no such word as fail.

We are told that the Brook Farm experiment failed. All the communities mentioned in this chapter acquired wealth and grew strong, save Brook Farm alone ❧ But Brook Farm was a bright oasis in the life of every individual who lived there, and several of them received from the intellectual sunshine of the place an impetus that steadied their purpose through life. Then

there were many who were merely visitors, and not members of the community, who were greatly benefited by it.

I once asked this question of George William Curtis, "Where were you educated?"

And the answer was, "At Brook Farm."

Charles A. Dana was a member of the Brook Farm Community for three years, and he said that life there was a "liberal education."

Margaret Fuller acknowledged her indebtedness to Brook Farm. Hawthorne spent a year there and was greatly benefited, even though he declared he was n't, and went away and made sport of the place and people.

Horace Greeley, Emerson, Lowell, Thoreau, Dr. Holmes and Longfellow all were frequent visitors at Brook Farm colony, and warmed their minds before its bright embers.

Brook Farm disbanded because the man at the head of it had no head for business, nor did he have the capacity to select a man who had. But its "failure" was a success, in that it was a rotting log that nurtured a bank of violets.

Communities have succeeded under monogamic regulations, as with the Quakers and the Mennonites; under celibacy as in the monastic

institutions, and especially the Shakers; under polygamy, as with the early Mormons; under natural selection, as with the Harmonists of Mexico; and under complex marriage, as with the Oneida Communists.

That Brook Farm, with enforced monogamy failed, and that Oneida with complex marriage succeeded, does not prove conclusively that complex marriage is preferable to monogamy. It does, however, forever prove that enforced monogamy is not the vital thing which many consider it, since the Oneida people discarded it entirely, and still, mentally, spiritually and financially outstripped others who lived under a condition of enforced monogamy. If a man can do without a thing and succeed, it proves that the thing was not necessary to his success. And this is just what the Oneida experiment did—they got along without the alleged "corner stone of society" and succeeded to a degree of prosperity clear beyond those who had it.

With the several Harmonist Communities of Mexico, where absolute freedom is allowed and natural selection exists, it is well worth our while to note that voluntary monogamy prevails.

In the Anarchist Community at Home, Washington, on Puget Sound, there is not a church, preacher, prostitute, saloon, doctor, constable, lawyer or justice of the peace. There is entire freedom; natural selection exists absolutely, yet promiscuity is unknown. Good order and constancy prevail. The members mate and these mates are true to each other to a degree that does not exist in Pennsylvania where enforced monogamy rules. Not only does monogamy prevail in these free communities, but the idea of polygamy and varietism is distinctly frowned upon. There have been a few instances of an exchange of mates, but such cases are more rare than they are in Rhode Island or Indiana, where the same thing is often done under legal supervision.

Enforced monogamy tends to breed rebellion and unrest. Most men who own homes have to go somewhere to spend the evening—the rich man will go to the club, the poor man to the saloon. There is something in human nature that protests at coercion.

Too much intimacy repels. Propinquity is both the cause of love and its cure. The secret of human satisfaction lies in the just balance that

separates indulgence and denial ❧ Man in his heart feels that he was made to be free. Moreover he compliments himself by thinking that he knows what is for his own good. When you tell him he does not, and issue threats and prohibitions, you sow the seeds of rebellion ❧ Society is now existing under a condition of enforced monogamy, but "prohibition" does not prohibit, and the effects of force are always more or less neutralized by stealth. It needs no argument to prove that William Dean Howells is right in his assertion that "American society is imperfectly monogamous."

In a free society the sexual relation would, without doubt, be one of voluntary monogamy, just as it exists now at Home, Washington. Monogamy regulates the sexual relations, and reduces the friction of life to a system where it becomes bearable. In voluntary monogamy many claim men and women will be more true to their companions than they are now under our marriage bond, which according to Robert Louis Stevenson is "that form of friendship between a man and woman that is recognized by the police." The people who are true under present conditions are not true because it is

against the law of the land to be otherwise. Men do not refrain from beating their wives and abusing their children, because the penalty is placed on such things by the criminal code; nor do women remain tender, loving and constant simply because Moses, St. Paul and the Common Law command it.

Gentleness, consideration and constancy are natural to the civilized normal man—these things pay and are in accordance with his best welfare ✍ They are a part of the great divine law that works for the self-preservation and evolution of the species.

Enlightened self-interest means fidelity; and loyalty to your own is the only policy that pays compound interest to both borrower and lender. That which is natural is best; and what is best is most expedient; the expedient thing is the right thing; and righteousness is simply a form of common sense. That is good which serves—and that which serves is sacred, and nothing else is.

✍ A picnic party is a pretty good example of applied communism. The atmosphere on such an occasion is vibrant with good will and good cheer. Everybody wants to carry the baskets,

and everybody is anxious to help everybody over the fence and across the ditch.

Reaching the place that the party has set out for, some get fuel, others water, still others arrange the tables. The spirit of co-operation and mutual service are supreme. There are no old, no young, no high, no low—the college-bred and homespun meet on an equality. There are no noses in the air; patronage is unheard of. Did I say that all unite on this occasion?

I forgot.

There is one couple that followed far behind on the way to the picnic ground. They talked together soft and low. At the grounds they did not gather fuel, nor did they wash the dishes after the meal. Instead they sat on a log close together, but clear apart from the rest, almost lost in the dense foliage.

They were in love—very much in love; a fact patent to all observers.

All the rest were in love, too, but the many were filled with universal love, while this one couple focused their thoughts upon the personal and particular.

They were talking of the "home" they were soon to have—of love in a cottage.

Schopenhauer would explain that they were caught in the toils of the genius of the genus. Nature was intent on using them for a purpose. ❧ This desire on their part to get off in secrecy by themselves, to hide away and exclude the world was right and proper.

But to found a society on this transient and intense mood is not scientific.

This young man and young woman fully expect to perpetuate their mood—that is exactly what they hope to do. They are going to have a perpetual trysting place, and never for a moment will their cottage become irksome ❧ But life to them will only be possible as they mix with other lives ❧ The home is founded on this momentary sex impulse of exclusiveness; and the reason its joy and peace do not last is because the occupants cease to be individual and long to become universal.

Exclusion has its use, and up to a certain point it serves, but a point is surely reached where it is not wise to say, "Here will we build three tabernacles." The selfishness of individual love gives way to the universal. Where the heart once went out to a person, it now goes out to mankind—lesser love succumbs to the greater.

SOCIETY now demands that when a girl marries she must at once cease all work, save for her husband alone. Her life no longer belongs to the world nor to herself; she is the property of her husband. And so literally true is this that all a married woman earns or produces belongs not to her, but to her husband.

In most cities there are regulations prohibiting married women from teaching school. Many years may have been spent in preparation, and the experience she has acquired may be most valuable, but as soon as she is married she is relegated to looking after her own individual home, and a person less fit is put in her place, with the result that school-teaching in America is often given up to the callow, the incompetent, the inexperienced and the unfit.

The exaggerated value that we place upon the individual home is largely on account of the opportunities it offers for Conspicuous Leisure and Conspicuous Waste. It is quite true that not all the waste is conspicuous. Kitchen and laundry work, for instance, are to a great extent

drudgery in small households, but in a community life these things are taken care of in turn, and by those who specialize on them, at a cost of one-fourth the effort which prevails in individual houses. There are machines now for washing clothes, drying and ironing them; and machines for washing dishes, all of which can be easily operated in communities, but which it is impossible to utilize in individual households. In the individual home, drudgery must forever prevail. The good housekeeper is a slave to her household and her unremitting drudgery gives to her but little time and small inclination for mental improvement.

But the fact that the Conspicuous Waste and Conspicuous Leisure of the home are largely fictitious and futile, is no special disadvantage to a society that places a premium on pretence. It adds a kind of general piquancy to the idea, and surely shocks nobody—so accustomed we are to hypocrisy.

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey, whose actuaries have more than a national reputation for soundness of reasoning, has recently given its agents some instructions on insuring the lives of women. I

quote: "Whereas, this company has not heretofore thought best to insure the lives of women, it is now acceptable for you to secure applications for policies from women as follows:
1. Accept applications from only wage-earning women who have people dependent on them.
2. Do not accept married women, or women with an income that is not derived from their own property."

From this I assume that these hard-headed actuaries who absolutely eliminate gallantry, poetry and sentiment from their calculations, regard married women and women who have things provided for them, as very uncertain propositions to insure. Wage-earning women are reasonably happy. Steady, systematic work means health. The competent man or woman is a good moral and financial risk.

A married woman may be competent and she may not. She may be happy and she may not. It is quite unnecessary to question her along these lines—she will not tell the truth; and it is exactly the same with a woman who lives on the bounty provided by either a live man or a dead one. Four-fifths of all surgical cases in public hospitals are performed on women. But

of the wage-earning, wealth-producing women no more go to hospitals, proportionally, than do men. It is men who take the physical risks of the world—it is men who operate railroads, tunnel mountains, sail ships, mine the ores and erect buildings that scrape the sky.

Yet in spite of this fact the Insurance Actuaries much prefer to insure men who are abroad in the world doing things, than to accept risks on women who abide in the safety of home and are protected and shielded on every side.

From this there is only one conclusion, and that is, that to be married and keep house, and to have an income and do nothing, are most hazardous undertakings.

It is not the dangers of childbirth that make women a bad risk—it is the paucity of her life. If it were the dangers of childbirth, the Insurance Companies would not refuse women over fifty, but married women and those unmarried, who are provided for, are placed in the same category.

The real fact is, few women are admitted into the work of the world. Woman is the slave of her housekeeping—the slave of a man. Hence the misery that leads to the ether-cone, the

ligature and the scalpel. And that is the reason Life Insurance Companies will not insure the lives of married women. The average married woman has no high purpose in life—no output for her ambition, no rock upon which she can strike her intellect and cause the welling waters of life to flow. She has tasted of life and found it bitter—all there is for her now is submission. She is a passive party. So the Insurance Actuary, viewing the average married woman with his cold, calculating, financial eye declares her an extra hazardous risk.

IN describing the home which would be in harmony with our present day civilization, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, an authority, says:

"There will be a separate dwelling for every separate family, and each house will have its own grass plot. There will be windows all around the house. There will be enough space in it for each member of the family to have a separate room. There will be a large room in which the family can meet. But rooms such as kitchens have no place in the home. The making of food has no more place in the home than the manufacture of boots and soap.

In your home you have a bakery, a restaurant, a meat shop, a dressmaker's establishment, a carpet-stretching and cleaning shop, a metal polishing shop, and you expect civilized people to live in the middle of it. No food should be cooked inside the four walls of the home. If you must eat your meals inside the house, then buy cooked food and do not have that sloppy, greasy, dirty, smelling business going on in your home.

This would get the women away from the home and would more than double the wealth of the world. Every adult woman, unless she

is an invalid or an idiot, should spend six hours a day at work in the world outside her home. The children can be taken care of better outside of it. The two small boys who tried to cut off their sister's head with an axe, said they did it because they had seen their mother cut off the head of a chicken. This was the result of having a meat shop in the home. This was the result of keeping the children in the home. The domestic hearth that we hear so much about has been a painful hearth for thousands of children, who have fallen into the fire and got burned. Children get the wrong food in the family larder. There should be no food kept in the house, and children should be cared for outside of the home.

I would build a separate house for children. Most women love only their own children. That is not human; it is only animal. I would make a place for all children. Even the baby should not be cared for at home. They need the most beautiful, healthful, and scientifically kept place to live in.

Even in a community so small that it numbers only twenty families, I would have a separate house for the babies. In a village large enough to boast of a blacksmith shop and a postoffice there should be a laundry, a cooking shop, and a place for babies. During the time that I would have every grown woman working, I would

have these babies cared for in this one house. Children should have some human creature to take care of them, and not merely some one whom they can call "mother."

The discontent of marriage comes largely from two reasons: first, the bond is enforced, and second, woman, the worker and homemaker, is out of employment: the labor of the household having grown so great and cumbrous that we live in the age of the servant-girl, and our lives are made miserable or happy as she smiles or frowns ❧ Woman is no longer the homemaker, nor has she as yet been admitted into full partnership with the real work of the world. She has to content herself with society, charity, church and clubs—all essentially artificial and make-believe. She is no longer man's servant—she is his mistress ❧ Freedom will come when she is his comrade and friend ❧ ❧ As for the bond of marriage, it is like all bonds, galling. Men and women were made to be free; and the higher they are in intellect and spirit, the purer their motives, the more does the rattle of chains annoy, disturb and distress.

To a vast number of people of spirit, a legal marriage is like Voltaire's incarceration in the

Bastile. "This is a most delightful place," he wrote, "here one has freedom to think and leisure to write, and here there is freedom from boredom and intrusion. The only reason I wish to leave it is because I cannot—it would be delicious to remain if I only were allowed to go."

Most married people regard themselves—and rightly—as domestic reconcentrados However, let nothing I say reflect the idea that people should ever be forced to live in communities The community is a privilege, like the university, and it will welcome all who deserve its benefits.

One great disadvantage of the individual home is that, while it is theoretically sacrosanct, it yet affords small protection to either girls or boys, since they leave it at will for the more attractive allurements of the theatre, ballroom, "revival meeting," billiard-hall, dog show and circus, and all other places that are operated in direct opposition to the home, and with the professed intent of giving rest and change to those who are tired of home comforts.

A sense of loneliness and isolation is not possible, to a person of right intent, in a community. So the prevailing habit of seeking recreation,

amusement and diversion in unsafe places, will in the future be left to those of vagrom appetites and capricious morals; and such will be individualists, not communists.

When the Phalansterie is evolved, as it surely will be in time, the recreations of the people will be on a natural and scientific basis instead of being left to the scheming of the fakir ❧❧❧ Fourier made the prophecy that four hundred will be the smallest number that will compose a Group, or Phalansterie, and sixteen hundred the maximum. He sets the figures thus, because he thought four hundred at least would be required to supply full scope to thought and enterprise; and sixteen hundred is as many as could be addressed at one time in a public hall. ❧ There was never a more staunch upholder of the home than Robert G. Ingersoll, but with him it was more a matter of sentiment than science. The love relation of one man and one woman was what appealed to him, and the matter of the community home vs. individual housekeeping never so much as attracted his attention—it never occurred to him.

The individual home is no "sanctuary" in the sense that you can there give welcome to the

proscribed person, and make him secure and safe ❧ This is against all rules, and the individual who would succor the distressed in his home, would forfeit his respectability. So we build "homes for the fallen" and "homes for the aged," and put a sign on the door, so the inmates are forever reminded of their disability. ❧ Communal life is a true sanctuary—there the ex-convict and the unfortunate will not be herded by themselves; they will live like other people and be given peace by being set to work, and the fact of their presence will attract no attention. Communal life will not relegate the old to the chimney corner—there is employment for all.

❧ But perhaps the best feature of Communal Life will be that each Group or Commune will transform itself by the most natural process into a University. The curriculum will not be for three years nor for four. It will be for life. ❧ Education in a community will not take the candidate out of life in order to educate him for life. It will not subject him to the humiliation and degenerating process of becoming a remittance man in order to become educated ❧ Each Group, Commune, Phalansterie, or Pha-

lanx, will be a self-supporting University, that is, self-supporting through the useful efforts of teachers and students.

Beyond doubt, the various Groups will not be of equal rank; some will be especially strong in one thing; others in something else. Should a Commune acquire a reputation, say, for philosophy and languages, it will have applications for entrance from men and women who wish to perfect themselves in those particular things. ✍ One can imagine that a Phalansterie which contained a man like Ernst Hæckel or Herbert Spencer, would have some pressure on its gates from applicants for membership. And doubtless, too, there will be more or less moving about from one Phalansterie to another, thus bringing members in touch with many minds. And what think you of the time when everywhere will be men and women who have taken post-graduate courses—say, at Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Jena, Heidelberg, Cambridge & Oxford? ✍ At Brook Farm new members were received on vote of a committee, and invited to come and remain one month ✍ At the end of this time, if the candidate wished to put in a formal application for membership, he could do so. If

his application was favorably passed upon, he then continued for one more month on probation, at the end of which time he was either accepted into full membership or rejected. Such a regulation insures the keeping out of discordant elements and disrupting influences. Each individual must prove his fitness—he must give as well as receive. And when men in large numbers evolve the radiating habit of mind, instead of that of absorption, the millennium will not be far away.

HE greatest group of men the world has ever seen was produced in Athens during the age of Pericles. Here we find Socrates, Plato, Pericles and Phidias, living at the same time in a city of one hundred thousand people. Not only this, but there were ten others living at the same time, making fourteen men in all, whose equals the entire civilized world has not produced in at least two thousand years.

Dr. Francis Galton says, "The ability of the average Athenian was as far above the average Englishman, as the average Englishman is above the native African."

The secret of the greatness of the great men of Athens lies in the fact that they worked as a community; their thoughts blended into a whole, and thus mentally sustained, uplifted, encouraged and stimulated, they evolved and grew

The decline of Greece began when she commenced to split up into parties; and jealousy, quibble, clique, faction and feud grew rife

We are told that genius is a matter of soil and

climate—this may be true in one sense, but something beside soil and climate are needed. The climate of Greece is now just what it was twenty-five hundred years ago, but Greece for over two thousand years has produced nothing but the spawn of earth.

The isles of Greece, The isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung;
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set!

It is a most significant thing that Athens, the most beautiful city the world has ever known, was also the most socialistic.

And here seems a good place to say an undisputed thing in a solemn way: Athens was built and beautified by Athenians.

Athens did not import her talent—she evolved it. The skilled men of Athens acquired their skill in Athens.

The master mind of Athens was that of Pericles. Pericles held no office, but for thirty years he practically dictated the political policy of the city. And he dictated not by injunction nor edict, nor by suppression and repression. He

kept his discipline out of sight, just as he kept himself out of sight.

We are told that Pericles was seen but once a year upon the public streets, and this was on the occasion of his annual oration, when he walked from his home to the Forum. The life of Pericles was a search for talent, and the impulse of his life was to supply an atmosphere in which souls could grow ❧ He encouraged and inspired.

Athens allowed her citizens a fuller and wider liberty than had been seen up to that time. The chief blot upon the fair fame of Athens is that she allowed slavery; but this slavery was of a very attenuated form ❧ The slaves were not even under surveillance—many lived in houses distant from their masters. Some were highly educated and skilled. They went on journeys and did very much as they liked. Their slavery lay practically in being disfranchised and not having the right to own property. They were paid no wages, but were supplied what they needed ❧ ❧

Not to own property would be regarded as a great hardship to us, where men are largely judged by their rating in Dun & Co. But Dun's

Register is a very modern invention. Even the free citizens of Athens set small store on private wealth—they worked for the city. That is to say, they worked for all ❧ And we hear of Socrates prophesying that the undoing of the city of Athens would come when her citizens began to crave personal ownership of things. ❧ Each city of Greece was practically a free city ❧ These cities emulated each other and Athens became possessed with the idea that she would eclipse them all in excellence and beauty ❧ ❧

That she succeeded is beyond cavil.

And she succeeded because the communistic spirit became dominant. The lust of private ownership for a generation, practically disappeared. Men who owned slaves turned these slaves over to work for the municipality; the owners themselves worked, and everybody did what he could do best—it was all for Athens. ❧ The city paid every man an "ecclesiasticon." This daily fee was supposed to be for jury duty or for attending the "ecclesia," or popular mass meetings where every one was free to speak. In fact, a sum was also supplied to pay the way into the theatres. This sum paid was a

kind of honorarium given in place of a wage. The man worked for the city; and most of the citizens must have worked steadily and hard, judging from results.

Life was very simple and living cheap. A house could be rented for from five to ten dollars a year ❧ Many of these houses were built and owned by the municipality, because the city could build better and cheaper than individuals. These houses were very plain, but solid and substantial ❧ Each house was supplied with stationary stone tables, benches and beds, with an eye to sanitation. Little extra furniture was required ❧ ❧

The art and beauty of Athens were in the temples, peristyles, theatres, and other public places. The schools, gymnasiums, baths and libraries were free for the use of the people. ❧ All good things belonged to everybody who could appreciate and utilize them.

The art of a community is always beyond the art of individuals. The public supplies a consensus of opinion; a criterion or standard is formed, and the matter of embellishment goes to those who can do it best ❧ Criticism is full and free, and the useless, senseless and absurd

disappears ❧ Beautiful art is always a collaboration ❧ ❧

A private individual builds his palatial home and fills it with crude, curious and expensive things. He is no judge of these ornaments—this is not his business, and he falls a prey to those who deal in the gilded and the tawdry. Hence, the majority of the homes of the well-to-do Americans are mere junk shops for the collection of imitation and bogus treasures ❧ ❧

The art treasures of a community are for the most part genuine. They are secured and cared for by the combined efforts of those whose taste is highest and best. If a man in a community does not care for art he will never evolve it, but a man who owns a private house thinks he is compelled to decorate and furnish it, because he is in competition with all other houses on the street.

Greece had no private artistic standards—her art belonged to all, and thus she evolved men whose lives were devoted to art—who were consecrated to it.

Praxiteles was the child of the community, educated by the state he served.

Ictinus and Callicrates, the two architects of

the Parthenon, represented the consensus of ripe ideality, and were only possible in a community where each worked for the good of all. They did not work on contract nor did they sublet their contracts, neither did they bid and underbid to secure the job through the favor of men who had neither taste nor ideals ❧ ❧ The secret of the Parthenon—the most complete building the world has ever seen—lay in the fact that its architects and builders were free ❧ The Parthenon with all of its immortal ornaments and embellishments, did not cost one-half as much as the capital at Albany has cost the people of New York State.

For the first time in the history of the world mankind has reached a point where the means of satisfying its needs are in excess of the needs. What we shall do with what we have, is now more important than that we shall accumulate more ❧ ❧

What co-operation and right environment can do for a people is exemplified, in degree, by the Roycrofters.

The Roycrofters endeavor, and to a great extent succeed, in providing beautiful homes and beautiful surroundings for people who, working

as individuals, could not provide these things for themselves. But to provide beautiful things is not of itself a great accomplishment—the real difficulty lies in creating in the hearts of people a desire for the beautiful and the excellent, to a degree where they will evolve these things for themselves ❧ To own the thing is little—to create it is much. If the Roycrofters have succeeded their achievement lies in this: they are inspiring people to create.

This semi-community is situated in the village of East Aurora, Erie County, New York State, eighteen miles from the city of Buffalo. The village is a simple and unpretentious place. It has neither wealth nor poverty, and has no special enterprises save the Roycroft Shop, and Hamlin's Stock Farm, where trotting horses are raised and trained. The farming country 'round about is poor, and land values are not equal to what they were forty years ago ❧❧❧ This "Shop" operated by the Roycrofters, is devoted to printing and binding books, making furniture, weaving, and working in ornamental iron ❧ The Roycrofters also have a farm and operate a hotel and a bank.

The work done by them is of the highest and

best, the motto of the community being, "Not how cheap, but how good." The wares these people produce command high prices and go largely to the art collectors of the world. The Roycrofters bind books for which they get as high as two hundred and fifty dollars each, and their best pieces of furniture sell at prices in proportion.

It is needless to say that the Roycroft wares have merit, otherwise they would not sell. And people who make beautiful things must in degree be a beautiful people. "As we make better books we will become better people," is a motto carved on the lintels of the Roycroft doors.

The Roycrofters started in 1895, on very small capital, and with only half a dozen workers. There are now over four hundred of them, and the prosperity of the institution and its high ideals have had a pronounced effect upon the whole village. Whether the oldest inhabitants acknowledge this is quite irrelevant—transformation is a silent process, not explosive. And even the Roycrofters themselves are too close to their work to realize its full significance. "The fishes know naught of the sea."

But from the fact that the Labor Commissioner of the State of New York has published a report on the work of the Roycrofters at the expense of the State, and the Government of France has done the same, and that the Mikado has published the Message to Garcia and given it out to his troops, it must be conceded that this economic and pedagogic experiment is of interest to many.

The skilled people in the Roycroft Shop grew skilled there—they are not an importation. The talent of the town was used—and none other. Outsiders are not desired, and people from a distance who wish to come on and live the "ideal life" are requested to stay where they are and start a shop of their own. Environment counts for little unless you help to make it. You must create your own atmosphere.

The materials to be found in the vicinity were utilized ✍ The Roycrofters went forth in the fields and gathered the bowlders or "nigger-heads" and with these, and the rough wood of native trees, erected buildings that are a delight to the eyes of men who know the best. Yet the Roycrofters employed no professional architects. Had they done so, the result would have

been professional buildings ❧ As it is we get something unique, peculiar, individual. These buildings and their beautiful furnishings are the result of plain people working in collaboration, with criticism, full, free and frank. One man may make mistakes—he sees but a little, and is liable to lapse. The Roycrofters have a managing board of sixteen directors, and these men thresh out every new move together at length ❧ All new plans are laid before them, each expresses himself, and the result in the end is commendable. What one fails to see, another does. The Roycrofters are a corporation, the shares being owned by the workers. Two-thirds of them live in their own homes, but a good many of these dine at the common table ❧ ❧

If the Roycrofters had ransacked the world for talent, and then brought these talented men together, and by them this work had been done, it would have been remarkable. As it is, some say it is "miraculous."

The fact is, it should not even be regarded as remarkable, and certainly it is not miraculous. There are hundreds of villages in New York State and all over America just as favorable

for co-operative work as East Aurora. There the latent talent has been vitalized by a oneness of desire—the Roycrofters work together, instead of pulling apart.

The intent has been to create an atmosphere in which souls can grow—in which men and women can work up to their highest and best; a place where they can get an education and a living at the same time ✍ The place has a stimulus of good cheer; it is filled with animation; and the spirit of emulation is everywhere. ✍ Going through the rooms, the visitor is first impressed by the air of cleanliness, neatness and order. On the desks and tables are palms, flowers, ferns ✍ The walls are covered with pictures—pictures made by the workers, not daubs or lithographs. Many of the Roycrofters work at drawing and painting, and when one of them does a particularly pleasing bit of work, it is framed by one of the boys and hung up, so all can see and enjoy it. The standard is high, and if a piece of work did not have genuine merit it would not be tolerated.

The Roycrofters believe especially in music, so one sees a piano in nearly every room. Often while the others work one of the workers will

go to the piano and play. Down stairs where the printing presses run the workers sing, loud and long, even if not always on the key ❧ ❧ ❧ There is a musical director who gives most of his time to teaching all the workers who show any special musical inclination. There are vocal teachers and instrumental—piano, guitar and violin. There is an orchestra, a brass band and a choral society.

There are classes in drawing, bookkeeping; in French, German and Italian; lectures on history, science and nature study. All the teachers are volunteers ❧ If a person can do anything especially well he is made a teacher by acclamation—a class is formed, and any worker wishing to take up that particular line of work is invited in.

There is a library of five thousand volumes; reading rooms where the best magazines from all over the world are to be seen; special music rooms for individual instruction; a ballroom; a chapel; and an art gallery.

Every little while visitors of note are coming along, and these are invited to speak, or read, or play, or recite, so the Roycrofters are really in communication with the best minds of the

world ❧ In the Roycroft Phalansterie dining-room visitors and workers dine together. The food is of the best—simple, yet prepared in a scientific way—and served with artistic delicacy. The work in the kitchen and dining-room is done by people of intelligence and worth; and often in the chapel the visitor may listen to a solo sung by the girl who waited on him at the table.

With the Roycrofters there are no "servants" —all work and work with a will. The men who speak in the Roycroft Chapel are not above doing the most so-called menial tasks ❧ The weekly debates bring out more or less speaking talent, and great questions are discussed with a freedom and insight that almost appalls the visiting dilettante.

The Roycroft Shop is not endowed—it is not mendicant; it neither exists on charity nor the dole of the legislator. It constructs and creates, and the things the workers make are bought and paid for by people who want them. The workers get a living and more; and they also get all the education they can absorb & digest. ❧ It would be quite absurd to claim the Roycroft Shop is a perfect institution. Perfection is

only possible with perfect people—with perfect managers, perfect workers, and customers who are perfect.

Such things are not yet—let us not quibble. The stone buildings, the beautiful grounds and four hundred strong, healthy workers are there at Roycroft; and these things cannot be waived nor smiled away.

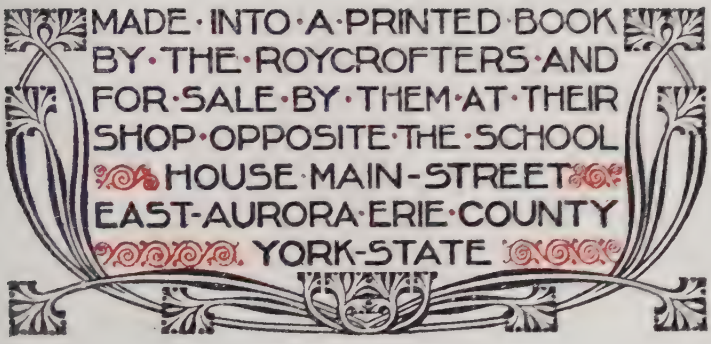
The place is one of physical, mental and moral health.

The Roycroft Shop taken as a whole, seems an index finger pointing the way.

The individual busy at work, work he likes, is safe. This way sanity, health and happiness lie. Through the proper exercise of the three H's—Head, Hand & Heart, are we educated. And to be educated is to live, for education means development, unfoldment. There is only one thing worth praying for, and that is to be in the line of evolution—growth. There is no happiness elsewhere, save in the consciousness that we are tunneling toward the light, slowly but surely.

To know this is to live.

We are all Sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.


MADE · INTO · A · PRINTED · BOOK
BY · THE · ROYCROFTERS · AND
FOR · SALE · BY · THEM · AT · THEIR
SHOP · OPPOSITE · THE · SCHOOL
HOUSE · MAIN - STREET
EAST - AURORA · ERIE · COUNTY
YORK - STATE